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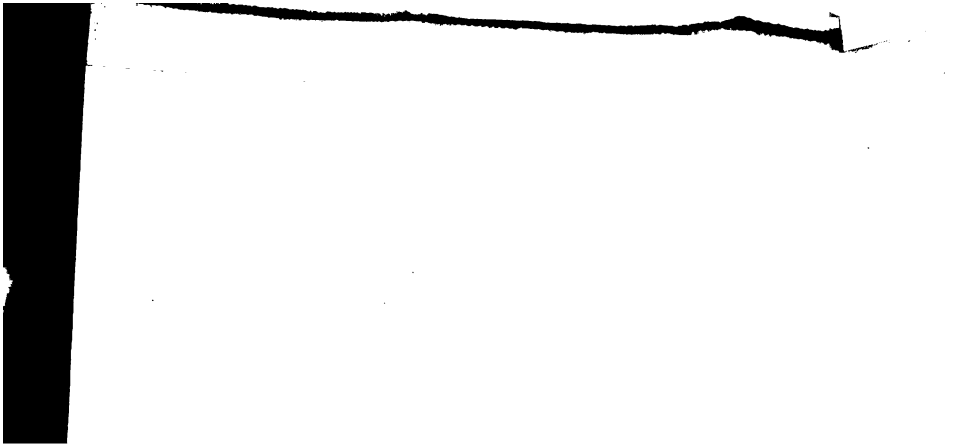

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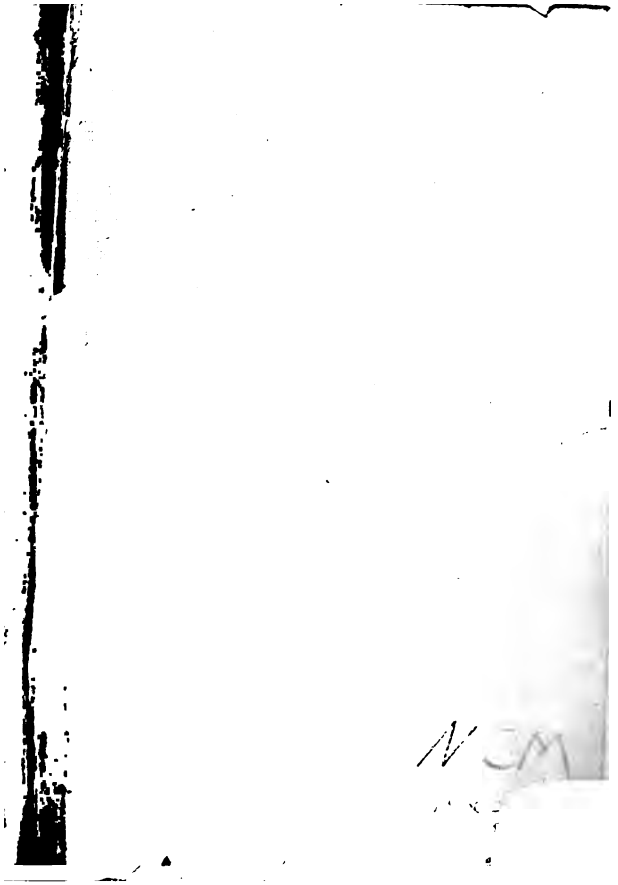

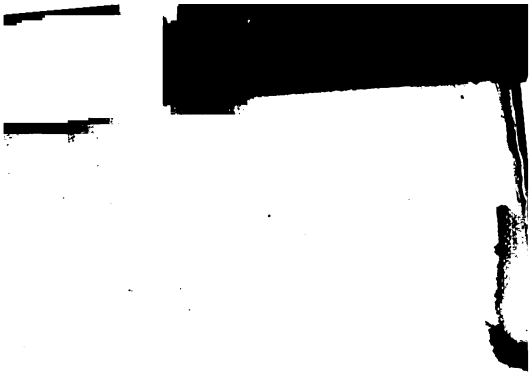

Mrs John N Olcott.

With kind love

from

Her Cousin.

Clementina P. Gibson

Edinburgh

22 February 1882.

From Cousin
Chas. P. Gibson

1882.

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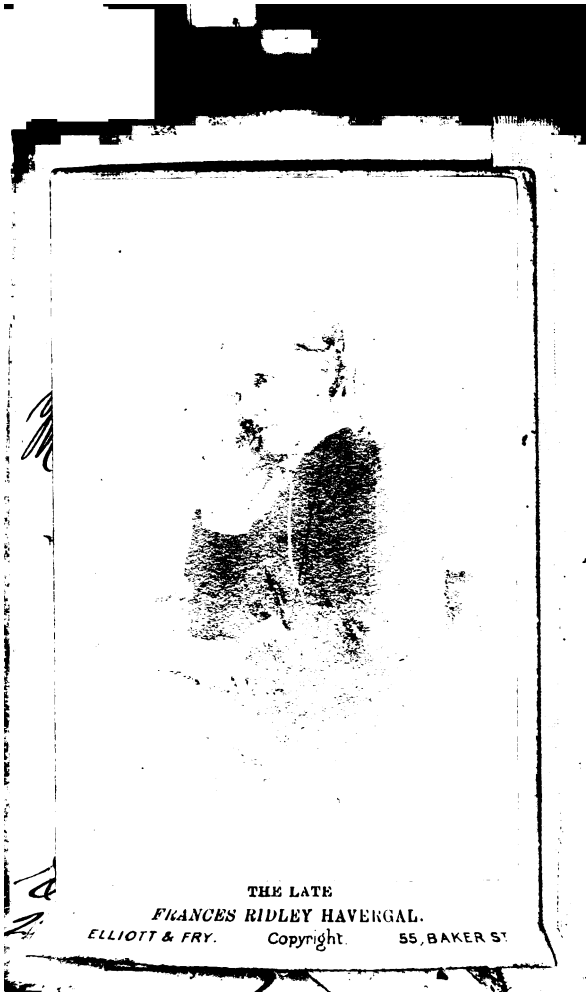

THE LATE

FRANCES RIDLEY HAVERGAL.

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NDER THE SURFACE.

BY

'RANCES RIDLEY HAVERGAL,

AUTHOR OF

'THE MINISTRY OF SONG,' ETC.

SEVENTH EDITION.

LONDON:

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1878.

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MURRAY AND GIBB, EDINBURGH,
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TO MY FELLOW-MEMBERS

OF

THE YOUNG WOMEN'S CHRISTIAN ASSOCIATION,

WITH THE PRAYER

THAT OUR WORK 'UNDER THE SURFACE'
MAY BE MORE AND MORE CROWNED
WITH OUR MASTER'S BLESSING.

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I.

Under the Surface.

'Man's goings are of the Lord; how can a man then understand his own way?'—PROV. xx. 24.

UNDER THE SURFACE.

UNDER THE SURFACE.

I.

ON the surface, foam and roar,
  Restless heave and passionate dash,
Shingle rattle along the shore,
  Gathering boom and thundering crash.

Under the surface, soft green light,
  A hush of peace and an endless calm,
Winds and waves from a choral height,
  Falling sweet as a far-off psalm.

On the surface, swell and swirl,
  Tossing weed and drifting waif,
Broken spars that the mad waves whirl,
  Where wreck-watching rocks they chafe.

Under the surface, loveliest forms,
  Feathery fronds with crimson curl,
Treasures too deep for the raid of storms,
  Delicate coral and hidden pearl.

II.

On the surface, lilies white,
  A painted skiff with a singing crew,
Sky-reflections soft and bright,
  Tremulous crimson, gold and blue.

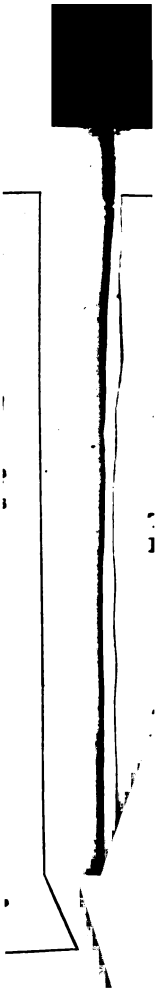
Under the surface, life in death,
  Slimy tangle and oozy moans,
Creeping things with watery breath,
  Blackening roots and whitening bones.

On the surface, a shining reach,
  A crystal couch for the moonbeams' rest,
Starry ripples along the beach,
  Sunset songs from the breezy west.

Under the surface, glooms and fears,
  Treacherous currents swift and strong,
Deafening rush in the drowning ears,—
  Have ye rightly read my song?

AUTOBIOGRAPHY.

AUTOBIOGRAPHY! So you say,
So do I *not* believe!
For no men or women that live to-day,
Be they as good or as bad as they may,
Ever would dare to leave
In faintest pencil or boldest ink
All they truly and really think,
What they have said and what they have done,
What they have lived and what they have felt,
Under the stars or under the sun.
At the touch of a pen the dewdrops melt,
And the jewels are lost in the grass,
Though you count the blades as you pass.
At the touch of a pen the lightning is fixed,
An innocent streak on a broken cloud;
And the thunder that pealed so fierce and loud,
With musical echo is softly mixed.
Autobiography? No!
It never was written yet, I trow.
Grant that they try!
Still they must fail!
Words are too pale
For the fervour and glow of the lava-flow.



That sings the flowers to sleep at night,
And calls them again with the earliest light.
Under the delicate flush of green,
  Hardly shading the bank below,
Pale anemones peep between
  The mossy stumps where the violets grow;
Wide clouds of bluebells stretch away,
  And primrose constellations rise,—
    Turn where we may,
  Some new loveliness meets our eyes.
The first white butterflies flit around,
Bees are murmuring close to the ground,
  The cuckoo's happy shout is heard.
      Hark again!
  Was it echo, or was it bird?
  All the air is full of song,
A carolling chorus around and above;
From the wood-pigeon's call so soft and long,
To merriest twitter and marvellous trill,
Every one sings at his own sweet will,
True to the key-note of joyous love.

Well, it is lovely! is it not?
But we must not stay on the fairy spot,
  So we gather a nosegay with care:
  A primrose here and a bluebell there,
And something that we have never seen,

Probably therefore a specimen rare;
Stitchwort, with stem of transparent green,
The white-veined woodsorrel, and a spray
Of tender-leaved and budding May.
We carry home the fragrant load,
In a close, warm hand, by a dusty road;
The sun grows hotter every hour;
Already the woodsorrel pines for the shade;
We watch it fade,
And throw away the fair little flower;
We forgot that it could not last an hour
Away from the cool moss where it grows.
Then the stitchworts droop and close;
There is nothing to show but a tangle of green,
For the white-rayed stars will no more be seen.
Then the anemones, can they survive?
Even now they are hardly alive.
Ha! where is it, our unknown spray?
Dropped on the way!
Perhaps we shall never find one again.
At last we come in with the few that are left,
Of freshness and fragrance bereft;
A sorry display.
Now, do we say,

'Here is the wood where we rambled to-day?
See, we have brought it to you;
Believe us, indeed it is true.
This is the wood!' do we say?

So much for the bright and pleasant side.
There is another. We did not bring
All that was hidden under the wing
Of the radiant-plumaged Spring.
We never tried
To spy, or watch, or away to bear,
Much that was just as truly there.
What have we seen?
Hush, ah, hush!
Curled and withered fern between,
And dead leaves under the living green,
Thick and damp. A clammy feather,
All that remains of a singing thrush
Killed by a weasel long ago,
In the hungry winter weather.
Nettles in unfriendly row,
And last year's brambles, sharp and brown,
Grimly guarding a hawthorn crown.
A pale leaf trying to reach the light
By a long weak stem, but smothered down,
Dying in darkness, with none to see.
The rotting trunk of a willow tree,

Leafless, ready to fall from the bank ;
A poisonous fungus, cold and white,
And a hemlock growing strong and rank.
A tuft of fur and a ruddy stain,
Where a wounded hare has escaped the snare,
Only perhaps to be caught again.
No specimens we bring of these,
Lest they should disturb our ease,
And spoil the story of the May,
And make you think our holiday
Was far less pleasant than we say.

Ah no ! We write our lives indeed,
But in a cipher none can read,
Except the author. He may pore
The life-accumulating lore
For evermore,
And find the records strange and true,
Bring wisdom old and new.
But though he break the seal,
No power has he to give the key,
No licence to reveal.
We wait the all-declaring day,
When love shall know as it is known.
Till then, the secrets of our lives are ours and
God's alone.

COMPENSATION.

O THE compensating springs! O the balance-wheels of life,
Hidden away in the workings under the seeming strife!
Slowing the fret and the friction, weighting the whirl and the force,
Evolving the truest power from each unconscious source.

How shall we gauge the whole, who can only guess a part?
How can we read the life, when we cannot spell the heart?
How shall we measure another, we who can never know
From the juttings above the surface the depth of the vein below?

Even our present way is known to ourselves alone,
Height and abyss and torrent, flower and thorn and stone;
But we gaze on another's path as a far-off mountain scene,
Scanning the outlined hills, but never the vales between.

How shall we judge their present, we who
have never seen
That which is past for ever, and that which
might have been?
Measuring by ourselves, unwise indeed are
we,
Measuring what we *know* by what we can
hardly *see.*

Ah! if we knew it all, we should surely under-
stand
That the balance of sorrow and joy is held
with an even hand,
That the scale of success or loss shall never
overflow,
And that compensation is twined with the lot
of high and low.

The easy path in the lowland hath little of
grand or new,
But a toilsome ascent leads on to a wide and
glorious view;
Peopled and warm is the valley, lonely and
chill the height,
But the peak that is nearer the storm-cloud is
nearer the stars of light.

Launch on the foaming stream that bears you
along like a dart,—
There is danger of rapid and rock, there is
tension of muscle and heart;
Glide on the easy current, monotonous, calm,
and slow,
You are spared the quiver and strain in the
safe and quiet flow.

O the sweetness that dwells in a harp of many
strings,
While each, all vocal with love, in tuneful
harmony rings!
But O, the wail and the discord, when one
and another is rent
Tensionless, broken, or lost, from the cherished
instrument.

For rapture of love is linked with the pain or
fear of loss,
And the hand that takes the crown must ache
with many a cross;
Yet he who hath never a conflict hath never a
victor's palm,
And only the toilers know the sweetness of
rest *and calm.*

Only between the storms can the Alpine
traveller know
Transcendent glory of clearness, marvels of
gleam and glow;
Had he the brightness unbroken of cloudless
summer days,
This had been dimmed by the dust and the
veil of a brooding haze.

Who would dare the choice, *neither* or *both* to
know,
The finest quiver of joy or the agony-thrill of
woe?
Never the exquisite pain, then never the ex-
quisite bliss,
For the heart that is dull to that can never be
strung to this.

Great is the peril or toil if the glory or gain be
great;
Never an earthly gift without responsible
weight;
Never a treasure without a following shade of
care;
Never a power without the lurk of a subtle
snare.

For the swift is not the safe, and the sweet is
not the strong;
The smooth is not the short, and the keen is
not the long;
The much is not the most, and the wide is not
the deep,
And the flow is never a spring, when the ebb
is only neap.

Then hush! oh, hush! for the Father knows
what thou knowest not,
The need and the thorn and the shadow
linked with the fairest lot;
Knows the wisest exemption from many an
unseen snare,
Knows what will keep thee nearest, knows
what thou could'st not bear.

Hush! oh, hush! for the Father portioneth
as He will,
To all His beloved children, and shall they
not be still?
Is not His will the wisest, is not His choice the
best?
And in perfect acquiescence is there not per-
fect *rest?*

Hush ! oh, hush ! for the Father, whose ways
are true and just,
Knoweth and careth and loveth, and waits for
thy perfect trust ;
The cup He is slowly filling shall soon be full
to the brim,
And infinite compensations for ever be found
in Him.

Hush ! oh, hush ! for the Father hath fulness
of joy in store,
Treasures of power and wisdom, and pleasures
for evermore ;
Blessing and honour and glory, endless, infinite
bliss ;—
Child of His love and His choice, oh, canst
thou not wait for this ?

—o—

THE MOONLIGHT SONATA.

Introduction.

THE ills we see,—
The mysteries of sorrow deep and long,
The dark enigmas of permitted wrong,—
Have all one key :

This strange, sad world is but our Father's
school;
All chance and change His love shall grandly
overrule.

How sweet to know
The trials which we cannot comprehend
Have each their own divinely-purposed end!
He traineth so
For higher learning, ever onward reaching
For fuller knowledge yet, and His own deeper
teaching.

He traineth thus
That we may teach the lessons we are
taught;
That younger learners may be further
brought,
Led on by us:
Well may we wait, or toil, or suffer long,
For His dear service so to be made fit and
strong.

He traineth so
That we may shine for Him in this dark
world,
And bear His standard dauntlessly unfurled;
That we may show

His praise, by lives that mirror back His love,—
His witnesses on earth, as He is ours above.

Nor only here
The rich result of all our God doth teach
His scholars, slow at best, until we reach
A nobler sphere:
Then, not till then, our training is complete,
And the true life begins for which He made us meet.

Are children trained
Only that they may reach some higher class?
Only for some few school-room years that pass
Till growth is gained?
Is it not rather for the years beyond
To which the father looks with hopes so fair and fond?

Bold thought, flash on
Into the far depths of Eternity;
When Time shall be a faint star-memory,
So long, long gone!
Only not lost to our immortal sight,
Because it ever bears Redemption's quenchless light.

Flash on, and stand
Among thy bright companions,—spirits blest,
Inhabiting through ages of glad rest
The Shining Land!
Each singing bliss into each other's hearts,—
Outpouring mighty joy that God's full hand imparts.

If sweet below
To minister to those whom God doth love,
What will it be to minister above!
His praise to show
In some new strain amid the ransomed choir
To touch their joy and love with note of living fire:

With perfect praise,
With interchange of rapturous revelation
From Christ Himself, the burning adoration
Yet higher to raise,
For ever and for ever so to bring
More glory and still more, to Him, our gracious King.

Look on to this
Through all perplexities of grief and strife,—
To this, thy true maturity of life,
Thy coming bliss;

That such high gifts thy future dower may be,
And for such service high thy God prepareth thee.

What though to-day
Thou canst not trace at all the hidden reason
For His strange dealings through the trial-season,—
Trust and obey:
And, like the child whose story follows here,
In after life and light all shall be plain and clear.

Alice's Story.

PART I.

The firelight softly glanced upon
Dark braids and sunny curls,
Where, in a many-windowed room,
Yet dim with late November gloom,
Were busy groups of girls.

Some sat apart to learn alone;
Some studied side by side;
Some gathered round a master's chair
In reverent silence; others there
For readiest answer tried.

For one young name a summons came,
And Alice quickly rose :
The rapid pen aside is laid ;
The call once heard must be obeyed
At once,—as well she knows.

Yet with no joyous step or smile
She hastens now away,
A teacher's earnest look to meet,
Whose hand is filled with music sweet,
As hers shall be one day.

Beside her at the instrument
A place her teacher takes,
With patient eye, yet keenest ear ;
And Alice knows that he will hear
The slightest fault she makes.

Oh, such a music-task as this
Was never hers before !
So long and hard, so strange and stern,—
A piece she thinks she cannot learn,
Though practised o'er and o'er.

It is not beautiful to her,—
She cannot grasp the whole ;

The Master's thought was great and deep,—
A mighty storm, to seize and sweep
The wind-harp of the soul.

She only plays it note by note,
With undeveloped heart;
She does not glimpse the splendour through
Each chord, so difficult and new,
Of veiled and varied art.

Unwonted beat and weird repeat
She cannot understand;
She stumbles on with clouded brow,—
Her cheek is flushed, and aching now
The weary little hand.

She looked up in her teacher's face;
Tears were not far away:
'*Must* I go on till it is done?
Oh, let me change it, sir, for one
That I can better play.

'I cannot make it beautiful,—
It has no tune to sing;
And when I am at home, I fear
My friends will never care to hear
This long and dreary thing.'

He said, 'If you might freely choose,
My child, what would you learn?'
'Oh, I would have the "Shower of Pearls,"
Or "Soldiers March," like other girls,
And quick approval earn;

'Or sweet Italian melodies,
With brilliant run and shake:
If you would only give me such,
I think that I could please you much,—
Such progress I should make.'

'Learn this, and it will please me more,'
Said he, with kindest voice:
'And though 'tis now so hard to play,
Trust me, you will be glad some day
That I have ruled your choice.'

Tears trembled on the lash, and now
His face she could not see;
Once more she pleaded, as they fell,
'But I shall never play it well:
It is too hard for me!'

'One thing I grant,' he said: 'that you
May fully, freely tell

Your father, who is kind and wise:
And, Alice, what he shall advise,
Say, will it not be well?'

Again she came, and stumblingly
The hard sonata played:
Another week had passed away,
With toilsome practice every day,
Yet small the progress made.

Her father's writing, bold and clear,
Lay on the instrument:
'Your letter safely came to me,
And now shall answer lovingly
To my dear child be sent.

'The hardest gained is best retained;
You learn not for to-day:
I cannot grant your fond request;
Your teacher certainly knows best,—
So trust him and obey.'

The teacher spoke; she listened well,
No word of his to miss:
'Alice, I want to make of you
An artist, noble, high, and true;
And no light thing is this.

'There's happier, better work in store
Than merry tunes to play:
You have a mission to fulfil,—
You do not know it; but I will
Prepare you as I may.

'Will you believe that I know best,
And persevere, my child?'
She answered, with a little sigh,
'Yes: I will trust, and I will try;'
And then her teacher smiled.

PART II.

Long has the school been left behind,
For years have passed away:
We find her now where evening light
Fades not into the darksome night,
But melts into the day.

There, in an arched and lofty room,
She stands, in fair white dress;
Where grace and colour and sweet sound
Combine and cluster all around,
And rarest taste express.

'Tis Alice still, but woman grown
In hand *and head* and heart:

And those who now around her throng
Are skilled in music and in song,
  In learning and in art.

It was an evening of delight
  To be remembered long,
With many a reach of vivid thought,
And many a vision artist-wrought,
And—crown of all that friendship brought—
  The eloquence of song.

The North is bright, with lingering light
  To Northern summers given,—
A tender love[illegible]t stays
When twil[illegible]n the days,
  As sil[illegible]ven.

'N[illegible] time is

The Moonlight Sonata.

An instrument was by her side,—
  A new and glad possession,
Whose perfect answering conveyed
Each delicate and subtle shade
  Of varying expression.

She needed no reminding score,
  For memory was true:
And what is learnt in childish years,
Deep graven on the mind appears
  Our life's whole journey through.

And so she only had to let
  The long-known music flow
From happy heart and steady hand,
As with a magic flame-command,
Enkindling in the listening band
  A full responsive glow.

Through shade more beautiful than light
  Through hush of softest word,
Through calm and silence, still and deep
As angel-love or seraph sleep.
  The opening notes were heard.

The Sonata.

PART I.—(ADAGIO.)

Soft and slow,
Ever a gentle underflow,
Soft and slow,
Murmuring peacefully on below.
A twilight song; while the shadows sleep
Dusk and deep,
Over the fountain, under the fern,
Solemn and still:
Waiting for moonlight over the hill
To touch the bend of the lulling burn,
And make it show
As a diamond bow,
Shooting arrows of glancing light
In luminous flight
To the gloomy head of the waterfall;
Again to break,
In silvery flake,
Under the wild and grim rock-wall.
A twilight song, a song of love,
Softer than nightingale, sweeter than dove;
Loving and longing, loving and yearning,
With a hidden flow of electric burning
Ever returning;

Melting again in calm repeat,
Slow and sweet,
Sweet and slow;
While ever the gentle underflow
Murmurs lovingly on below,
In notes that seem to come from far,—
From the setting star
In the paling west,
Faint and more faint,
Like the parting hymn of a dying saint
Sinking to rest.

A moment of deep hush; then wakes again
With sudden sparkle of delight,—a new and joyous strain.

PART II.—(ALLEGRETTO.)

Awake! awake!
For life is sweet;
Awake! awake!
New hopes to greet.
The shadows are fleeting,
The substance is sure;
The joys thou art meeting
Shall ever endure.
Awake! awake!
For twilight now

That veiled the lake
Where dark woods bow,
In moonlight resplendent
Is passing away;
For brightness ascendant
Turns night into day.
Oh, listen! yet listen!
The moonlight song
Where still waters glisten
Is floating along:
A melodious ripple of silver sound
In golden rhythm of light-bars bound,
Linked with the loveliness all around.
A song of hope,
That soars beyond
The farthest scope
Of a vision fond;
While the loneliest silence of solemn night,
And the depth of shadow beneath our feet,
Only make the song more sweet,—
Only make the sacred light
Yet more tender, yet more bright;
And song and radiance both entwining
In radiant singing and musical shining
Float on and on
Till the night is gone,

Ever for rest.
Far too blest.
Then wake, then wake
From slumberous leisure!
Arise and take
Thy truest pleasure!
A life is before thee which cannot decay;
A glimpse and an echo are given to-day
Of glory and music not far away.
Take the bliss that is offered thee:
Hope on, hope ever, and thou shalt be
Blest for aye!

Once more a pause is made:
While deeper still the silence, deeper yet the shade

PART III.—(PRESTO AGITATO.)

Now in awful tempest swelling,
Fallen hosts anew rebelling,
Battle shout and lava torrent
Mingle in a strife abhorrent.
Fiery cataracts are leaping,
Passion-driven stars are sweeping
In a labyrinth of courses;
Space is torn with clashing forces:

Tis a fearful new rehearsal
Of old chaos universal.

Hush ! and hark ! and hear aright,
And you shall know
It is not so !
'Tis the roar of chariot wheels,
That nothing hinders, nothing bars,
Whose flint-sparkles are the stars
Flashing bright ;
And the mighty thunder-peals
Are the trampling of its steeds.
On it speeds,
Crushing wrongs like river-reeds,
By the grandly simple might
Of Eternal Right.

'Tis a song—a battle song,—
And a shout of victory,
Darting through the conflict strong
Terror to the enemy.
Rising, while the moon is setting
That beheld the struggle sore ;
Rising still, while not forgetting
That the battle is not o'er ;
Rising, while the day is breaking
O'er the hills, serene and strong ;

Rising, while the birds are waking
With their myriad-throated song;
Rising! yet with much to do
Ere the strife be ended!
For loud confusion
And wild delusion
Are rampant still, and still are blended
With the song of triumph bursting through.
It rises to fall again;
Falls, but to rise;
Hushed, but to call again
Loud to the skies.
Resounding like thunder
In conquering march,
That reverberates under
The resonant arch.

Sternly triumphant o'er wrongful might,
In whirlwind of battle, in tempest of fight,
See the singers before us,
In warrior chorus,
Never despairing,
Never yielding:
Ever preparing
And faithfully wielding
Weapons kept bright,
And armour of light;

Shattering barriers that seemed adamantine,
Spurning the depth and scaling the height;
While over all the turmoil and fray
Shines, in the dawn that heralds the day,
Star-lit, a crown amaranthine.

Yea: a mighty song,
Of joy and triumph strong;
Magnificent in madness,
And glorious in gladness.
Every obstacle is hurled
To an infinite abyss;
Giant standards are unfurled,—
Banners of a far-off world
Calling followers from this;
Calling, calling: shall it be
To noble failure and heroic death?
Lifted with a parting breath,
Is the shout of victory
Failing fast?
Is the only crown at last
Death: death?
No!
'Tis not so!
For light and life
End the war and crown the strife.

Joy to the faithful one full shall be given!
Rising in splendour that never shall set,
The morning of triumph shall dawn on thee yet,
When gladness and love for ever have met
In heaven.

She ended. For a little space
The music still seemed swelling;
As it were too sweet and rare
Like common sound to leave the air
As a deserted dwelling.

Then, through the flow of loving thanks
And murmuring delight,
And marvel at the Master's art,
One rich approval reached her heart
More than all else that night.

One who had also freely brought
His own high gift of song,
Drew near and spoke: 'For many a year
That marvellous work has been most dear,—
Known, loved, and studied long.

'I own, like you, allegiance true,
And deemed my insight clear;

But never guessed until to-night
The depths of meaning and the might
Of what you rendered here.

'The Master has been much to me;
But more than ever now I see
That there none is above him.
You have been his interpreter:
To you it has been given to stir
The souls of all who love him.'

Then swift up-flashed a memory,—
A long-forgotten day;
A memory of tears once shed,
Of aching hand and puzzled head.
And of the father's word that said,
'Trust and obey.'

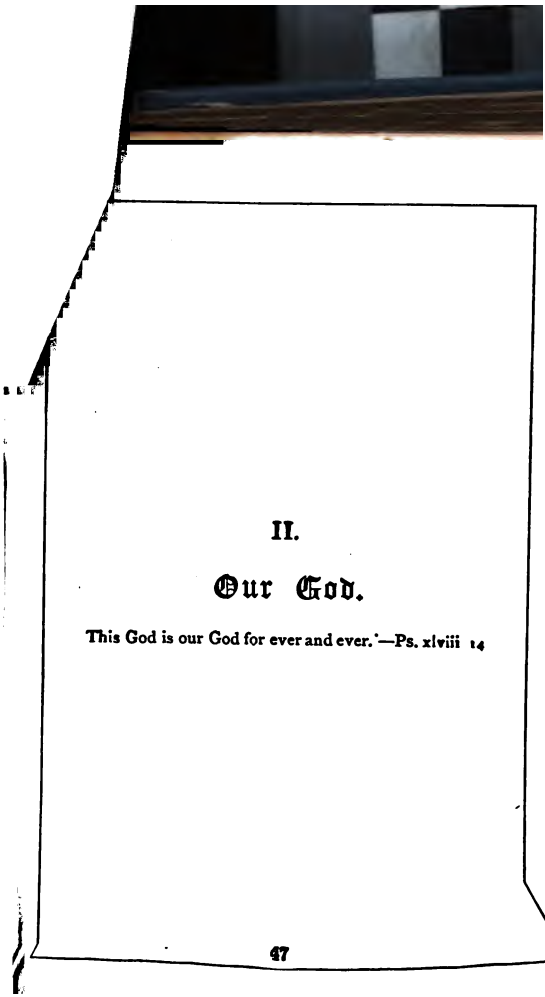
The lesson learnt in patience then
Was lit by love and duty:
The toiling time was quickly past,
The trusting time had fleeted fast,
And Alice understood at last
Its mysteries of beauty.

O glad, perpetual harvest-time
After the sowing days!

For all her life rich joy of sound,
And deep delight to loved ones round,
And to the Master,—praise!

Conclusion.

Ye read her story.
Take home the lesson with a spirit-smile:
Darkness and mystery a little while,
Then—light and glory,
And ministry 'mid saint and seraph band,
And service of high praise in the Eternal Land!



II.

Our God.

This God is our God for ever and ever.'—Ps. xlviii 14

THE INFINITY OF GOD.

'Too wonderful for me.'—Ps. cxxxix. 6.

HOLY and Infinite! Viewless, Eternal!
Veiled in the glory that none can sustain,
None comprehendeth Thy being supernal,
Nor can the heaven of heavens contain.

Holy and Infinite! limitless, boundless,
All Thy perfections, and power, and praise!
Ocean of mystery! awful and soundless
All Thine unsearchable judgments and ways!

King of Eternity! what revelation
Could the created and finite sustain,
But for Thy marvellous manifestation,
Godhead incarnate in weakness and pain!

Therefore archangels and angels adore Thee,
Cherubim wonder, and seraphs admire;
Therefore we praise Thee, rejoicing before Thee,
Joining in rapture the heavenly choir.

Glorious in holiness, fearful in praises,
Who shall not fear Thee, and who shall not laud?
Anthems of glory Thy universe raises,
Holy and Infinite! Father and God!

—o—

THE SPIRITUALITY OF GOD.

'God is a Spirit.'—JOHN iv. 24.

WHAT know we, Holy God, of Thee,
Thy being and Thine essence pure?
Too bright the very mystery
For mortal vision to endure.

We only know Thy word sublime,
Thou art a Spirit! Perfect! One!
Unlimited by space or time,
Unknown but through the eternal Son.

By change untouched, by thought untraced,
And by created eye unseen,

In *Thy great Present* is embraced
All that shall be, all that hath been.

O Father of our spirits, now
We seek Thee in our Saviour's face;
In truth and spirit we would bow,
And worship where we cannot trace.

—o—

THE ETERNITY OF GOD.

'The King eternal, immortal, invisible.'—1 TIM. i. 17.

KING Eternal and Immortal!
We, the children of an hour,
Bend in lowly adoration,
Rise in raptured admiration,
At the whisper of Thy power.
Myriad ages in Thy sight
Are but as the fleeting day;
Like a vision of the night,
Worlds may rise and pass away.

All Thy glories are eternal,
None shall ever pass away;
Truth and mercy all victorious,
Righteousness and love all glorious,
Shine with everlasting ray:

All resplendent, ere the light
Bade primeval darkness flee;
All transcendent, through the flight
Of eternities to be.

Thou art God from everlasting,
And to everlasting art!
Ere the dawn of shadowy ages,
Dimly guessed by angel sages,
Ere the beat of seraph-heart;
Thou, Jehovah, art the same,
And Thy years shall have no end;
Changeless nature, changeless name,
Ever Father, God, and Friend.

—o—

THE SOVEREIGNTY OF GOD.

'Be still, and know that I am God.'—Ps. xlvi. 10.

GOD Almighty! King of nations! earth
Thy footstool, heaven Thy throne!
Thine the greatness, power, and glory, Thine
the kingdom, Lord, alone!
Life and death are in Thy keeping, and Thy
will ordaineth all:
From the armies of Thy heavens to an unseen
insect's fall.

Reigning, guiding, all-commanding, ruling
myriad worlds of light;
Now exalting, now abasing, none can stay Thy
hand of might!
Working all things by Thy power, by the
counsel of Thy will,
Thou art God! enough to know it, and to hear
Thy word: 'Be still!'

In Thy sovereignty rejoicing, we Thy children
bow and praise,
For we know that kind and loving, just and
true, are all Thy ways.
While Thy heart of sovereign mercy, and
Thine arm of sovereign might,
For our great and strong salvation in Thy
sovereign grace unite.

—o—

THE ESSENTIAL BLESSEDNESS OF GOD.

'Dwelling in the light.'—1 Tim. vi. 16.

O GLORIOUS God and King,
O gracious Father, hear
The praise our hearts would bring
To Thee, who, ever near,

Yet in eternity dost dwell,
Immortal and invisible.

Around Thee all is light,
And rest of perfect love,
And glory full and bright,
All human thought above.
Thyself the Fountain infinite
Of all ineffable delight.

O depth of holy bliss,
Essential and Divine,
What thought can measure this,—
Thy joy, *Thy* glory,—Thine!
Yet such our treasure evermore,
Thy fulness is Thy children's store.

O Father, Thy great grace
We magnify and praise;
Called to that blessed place,
With Thee through endless days
Thy joy to share, Thy joy to be,
Thy glory all unveiled to see!

—o—

THINE IS THE POWER.

OUR Father, our Father, who dwellest in light,
We lean on Thy love, and we rest on Thy might

In weakness and weariness joy shall abound,
For strength everlasting in Thee shall be found:
Our Refuge, our Helper, in conflict and woe,
Our mighty Defender, how blessed to know
That Thine is the Power?

Our Father, Thy promise we earnestly claim,
The sanctified heart that shall hallow Thy Name,
In ourselves, in our dear ones, throughout the wide world,
Be Thy Name as a banner of glory unfurled;
Let it triumph o'er evil and darkness and guilt,
We know Thou canst do it, we know that Thou wilt,
For Thine is the Power!

Our Father, we long for the glorious day
When all shall adore Thee, and all shall obey.
Oh hasten Thy kingdom, oh show forth Thy might,
And wave o'er the nations Thy sceptre of right.
Oh make up Thy jewels, the crown of Thy love,
And reign in our hearts as Thou reignest above,
For Thine is the Power!

Our Father, we pray that Thy will may be done,
For full acquiescence is heaven begun—

Both in us and by us Thy purpose be wrought,
In word and in action, in spirit and thought;
And Thou canst enable us thus to fulfil,
With holy rejoicing, Thy glorious will,
For Thine is the Power!

Our Father, Thou carest; Thou knowest indeed
Our inmost desires, our manifold need;
The fount of Thy mercies shall never be dry,
For Thy riches in glory shall mete the supply;
Our bread shall be given, our water be sure,
And nothing shall fail, for Thy word shall endure,
And Thine is the Power!

Our Father, forgive us, for we have transgressed,
Have wounded Thy love, and forsaken Thy breast;
In the peace of Thy pardon henceforth let us live,
That through Thy forgiveness we too may forgive;

The Son of Thy love, who hath taught us to pray,
For Thy treasures of mercy hath opened the way,
And Thine is the Power!

Thou knowest our dangers, Thou knowest our frame,
But a tower of strength is Thy glorious name;
Oh, lead us not into temptation, we pray,
But keep us, and let us not stumble or stray;
Thy children shall under Thy shadow abide;
In Thee as our Guide and our Shield we confide,
For Thine is the Power!

Our Father, deliver Thy children from sin,
From evil without and from evil within,
From this world, with its manifold evil and wrong,
From the wiles of the Evil One, subtle and strong;
Till, as Christ overcame, we, too, conquer and sing,
All glory to Thee, our victorious King,
For Thine is the Power!

Our Father, Thy children rejoice in Thy reign,
Rejoice in Thy highness, and praise Thee
again!
Yea, Thine is the kingdom and Thine is the
might,
And Thine is the glory transcendently bright;
For ever and ever that glory shall shine,
For ever and ever that kingdom be Thine,
For Thine is the Power!

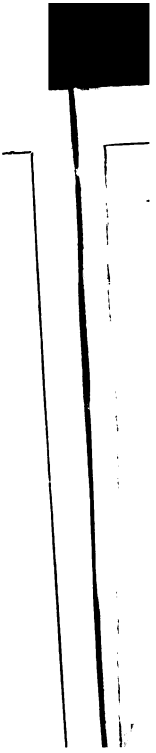
III.

Our Saviour.

'Whom having not seen, ye love.'—1 Pet. i. 8

THE ONE REALITY.

FOG-WREATHS of doubt in blinding eddies drifted,
Whirlwinds of fancy, countergusts of thought,
Shadowless shadows where warm lives were sought,
Numb feet, that feel not their own tread, uplifted
On clouds of formless wonder, lightning-rifted!
What marvel that the whole world's life should seem,
To helpless intellect, a Brahma-dream,
From which the real and restful is out-sifted!
Through the dim storm a white peace-bearing Dove
Gleams, and the mist rolls back, the shadows flee,
The dream is past. A clear calm sky above,
Firm rock beneath; a royal-scrollèd tree,
And One, thorn-diademed, the King of Love,
The Son of God who gave Himself for me.



I bring the sorrow laid on me,
O suffering Saviour, now to Thee.

My joys to Thee I bring,
  The joys Thy love hath given,
That each may be a wing
  To lift me nearer heaven.
I bring them, Saviour, all to Thee,
For Thou hast purchased all for me.

My life I bring to Thee,
  I would not be my own;
O Saviour, let me be
  Thine ever, Thine alone.
My heart, my life, my all I bring
To Thee, my Saviour and my King!

—o—

CONFIDENCE.

I.

IN Thee I trust, on Thee I rest,
  O Saviour dear, Redeemer blest!
No earthly friend, no brother knows
My weariness, my wants, my woes.
  On Thee I call,
  Who knowest all.

O Saviour dear, Redeemer blest,
In Thee I trust, on Thee I rest.

II.

Thy power, Thy love, Thy faithfulness,
With lip and life I long to bless.
Thy faithfulness shall be my tower,
My sun Thy love, my shield Thy power,
In darkest night,
In fiercest fight.
With lip and life I long to bless
Thy power, Thy love, Thy faithfulness.

—o—

I COULD NOT DO WITHOUT THEE.

I COULD not do without Thee,
O Saviour of the lost!
Whose precious blood redeemed me,
At such tremendous cost.
Thy righteousness, Thy pardon,
Thy precious blood must be
My only hope and comfort,
My glory and my plea!

I could not do without Thee!
I cannot stand alone,

I have no strength or goodness,
No wisdom of my own.
But Thou, beloved Saviour,
Art all in all to me;
And weakness will be power,
If leaning hard on Thee.

I could not do without Thee!
For oh! the way is long,
And I am often weary,
And sigh replaces song.
How *could* I do without Thee?
I do not know the way;
Thou knowest and Thou leadest,
And wilt not let me stray.

I could not do without Thee,
O Jesus, Saviour dear!
E'en when my eyes are holden,
I know that Thou art near.
How dreary and how lonely
This changeful life would be,
Without the sweet communion,
The secret rest with Thee!

I could not do without Thee,
No other friend can read

The spirit's strange deep longings,
Interpreting its need.
No human heart could enter
Each dim recess of mine,
And soothe and hush and calm it,
O blessed Lord, but Thine!

I could not do without Thee!
For years are fleeting fast,
And soon, in solemn loneliness,
The river must be passed.
But Thou wilt never leave me,
And though the waves roll high,
I know Thou wilt be near me,
And whisper, 'It is I.'

—o—

'JESUS ONLY.'

MATT. xvii. 8.

I.

'JESUS only!' In the shadow
Of the cloud so chill and dim,
We are clinging, loving, trusting,
He with us, and we with Him;
All unseen, though ever nigh,
'Jesus only'—all our cry.

II.

'Jesus only!' In the glory,
When the shadows all are flown,
Seeing Him in all His beauty,
Satisfied with Him alone;
May we join His ransomed throng,
'Jesus only'—all our song!

—o—

IS IT FOR ME?

'O Thou whom my soul loveth.'—CANT. i. 7.

IS it for me, dear Saviour,
Thy glory and Thy rest?
For me, so weak and sinful,
Oh shall *I* thus be blessed?
Is it for me to see Thee
In all Thy glorious grace,
And gaze in endless rapture
On Thy belovèd Face?

Is it for me to listen
To Thy belovèd Voice,
And hear its sweetest music
Bid even me rejoice?
Is it for me, Thy welcome,
Thy gracious 'Enter in'?
For me, Thy 'Come, ye blessed!'
For me, so full of sin?

O Saviour, precious Saviour,
My heart is at Thy feet;
I bless Thee and I love Thee,
And Thee I long to meet.
A thrill of solemn gladness
Has hushed my very heart,
To think that I shall really
Behold Thee as Thou art;

Behold Thee in Thy beauty,
Behold Thee face to face;
Behold Thee in Thy glory,
And reap Thy smile of grace;
And be with Thee for ever,
And never grieve Thee more!
Dear Saviour, I *must* praise Thee,
And lovingly adore.

—o—

HIDDEN IN LIGHT.

WHEN first the sun dispels the cloudy night,
The glad hills catch the radiance from afar,
And smile for joy. We say, 'How fair they are,
Tree, rock, and heather-bloom, so clear and *bright!*'

But when the sun draws near in westering might,
  Enfolding all in one transcendent blaze
  Of sunset glow, we trace them not, but gaze
And wonder at the glorious, holy light.
Come nearer, Sun of Righteousness! that we,
  Whose swift short hours of day so swiftly run,
So overflowed with love and light may be,
  So lost in glory of the nearing Sun,
That not our light, but Thine, the world may see,
  New praise to Thee through our poor lives be won.

—o—

HE IS THY LORD.

'So shall the King greatly desire thy beauty; for He is thy Lord, and worship thou Him.'—Ps. xlv. 11.

JESUS, belovèd Master, art Thou near?
  My heart goes forth to Thee! Thy precious Word
Has flashed a bright yet tender thrill, a touch
Of living light, all through my silent soul.
  I had not looked for it. I was too tired
For earnest search, and could not rise above
A sense of weary pain, that drew a veil
Of mist and lonely gloom before my eyes.
But as I lay and waited for the sleep

That had been asked, the Book beside my hand
Lured me to glance at lightly opening leaves.
Did not Thy loving Spirit guide the glance
That fell upon the unsought word of power:
'*He is thy Lord!*' So simple, yet so strong,
So all-embracing! oh, it was enough
To chase away all mists and glooms of life.

'HE *is Thy Lord!*' Thyself, O Saviour dear,
And not another. Whom have I but Thee
In heaven or earth? And whom should I desire!
For Thou hast said, '*So shall the King desire thee!*'
And well may I respond in wondering love,
'Thou art my Lord, and I will worship Thee.'

'*He* IS *thy Lord!*' So certainly! I know
My glad allegiance has been given to Thee,
Because Thine all-compelling love and grace
Have won the citadel which else had stood
Defiant, till God's wrath had laid it low.
So certainly! a fact which cannot change
Because Thou changest not, my glorious Lord.

'*He is* THY *Lord!*' Oh mine! though oth[er]
lords
Have had dominion, now I know Thy nam[e]

And its great music is the only key
To which my soul vibrates in full accord,
Blending with other notes but as they blend
With this. Oh mine! But dare I say it, *I*,
Who fail and wander, mourning oftentimes
Some sin-made discord, or some tuneless string?
It would be greater daring to deny,
To say, 'Not mine,' when Thou hast proved to me
That I am Thine, by promise sealed with blood.

'*He is thy* LORD!' Oh, I am *glad* of this,
So glad that Thou art Master, Sovereign, King!
Only I want Thy rule to be supreme
And absolute; no lurking rebel thought,
No traitor in disguise to pass its bounds.
So glad,—because it is such rest to know
That Thou hast ordered and appointed all,
And wilt yet order and appoint my lot.
For though so much I cannot understand,
And would not choose, has been, and yet may be,
Thou choosest and Thou rulest, THOU, my Lord!
And this is peace, such peace,—I hardly pause

To look beyond to all the coming joy
And glory of Thy full and visible reign:
Thou reignest now—'*He is thy Lord!*' to-day!

My *Lord!* My heart hath said it joyfully.
Nay, could it be my own cold, treacherous heart?
'Tis comfort to remember that we have
No will or power to think one holy thought,
And thereby estimate His power in us,—
'*No man can say that Jesus is the Lord,*
But by the Holy Ghost.' Then it must be
That all the sweetness of the word, 'Thy Lord,'
And all the long glad echoes that it woke,
Are whispers of the Spirit, and a seal
Upon His work, as yet so faintly seen.

'*My Lord, my God!*' Thou hearest, blessed Lord,
Thou knowest how, like Mary, I would bend
At Thy belovèd feet, if Thou wert here!
'If Thou wert here?' But surely Thou *art* here,
And I believe it, though I cannot see.
I should not love Thee now wert Thou not near,
Looking on me in love. Yea, Thou dost meet

Those that remember Thee. Look on me still,
Lord Jesus Christ, and let Thy look give strength
To work for Thee with single heart and eye.

—o—

OUR KING.

'Worship thou Him.'—Ps. xlv. 11.

O SAVIOUR, precious Saviour,
Whom yet unseen we love;
O Name of might and favour,
All other names above:
We worship Thee, we bless Thee,
To Thee alone we sing;
We praise Thee, and confess Thee
Our holy Lord and King!

O Bringer of salvation,
Who wondrously hast wrought,
Thyself the revelation
Of love beyond our thought:
We worship Thee, we bless Thee,
To Thee alone we sing;
We praise Thee, and confess Thee
Our gracious Lord and King!

In Thee all fulness dwelleth,
All grace and power divine;
The glory that excelleth,
O Son of God, is Thine:
We worship Thee, we bless Thee,
To Thee alone we sing;
We praise Thee, and confess Thee
Our glorious Lord and King!

Oh grant the consummation
Of this our song above,
In endless adoration,
And everlasting love:
Then shall we praise and bless Thee,
Where perfect praises ring,
And evermore confess Thee
Our Saviour and our King!

—o—

ASCENSION SONG.

'He ascended up on high.'—EPH. iv. 8.

GOLDEN harps are sounding,
Angel voices ring,
Pearly gates are opened—
Opened for the King;
Christ, the King of Glory,
Jesus, King of Love,

Is gone up in triumph
To His throne above.
All His work is ended,
Joyfully we sing,
Jesus hath ascended!
Glory to our King!

He who came to save us,
He who bled and died,
Now is crowned with glory
At His Father's side.
Never more to suffer,
Never more to die:
Jesus, King of Glory,
Is gone up on high.
All His work is ended,
Joyfully we sing,
Jesus hath ascended!
Glory to our King!

Praying for His children,
In that blessed place,
Calling them to glory,
Sending them His grace;
His bright home preparing,
Faithful ones, for you;
Jesus ever liveth,
Ever loveth too.

Glory to our King!

—o—

ADVENT SONG.

THOU art coming, O my Saviour!
Thou art coming, O my King!
In Thy beauty all-resplendent,
In Thy glory all-transcendent;
Well may we rejoice and sing!
Coming! In the opening east,
Herald brightness slowly swells;
Coming! O my glorious Priest,
Hear we not Thy golden bells?

Thou art coming, Thou art coming!
[illegible] shall meet Thee on Thy way.

Thou art coming! Rays of glory
Through the veil Thy death has rent,
Touch the mountain and the river
With a golden glowing quiver,
Thrill of light and music blent.
Earth is brightened when this gleam
Falls on flower and rock and stream;
Life is brightened when this ray
Falls upon its darkest day.

Not a cloud and not a shadow,
Not a mist and not a tear,
Not a sin and not a sorrow,
Not a dim and veiled to-morrow,
For that sunrise grand and clear!
Jesus, Saviour, once with Thee,
Nothing else seems worth a thought!
Oh how marvellous will be
All the bliss Thy pain hath bought!

Thou art coming! At Thy table
We are witnesses for this,
While remembering hearts Thou meetest,
In communion clearest, sweetest,
Earnest of our coming bliss.
Showing not Thy death alone,
And Thy love exceeding great,

But Thy coming and Thy throne,
All for which we long and wait.

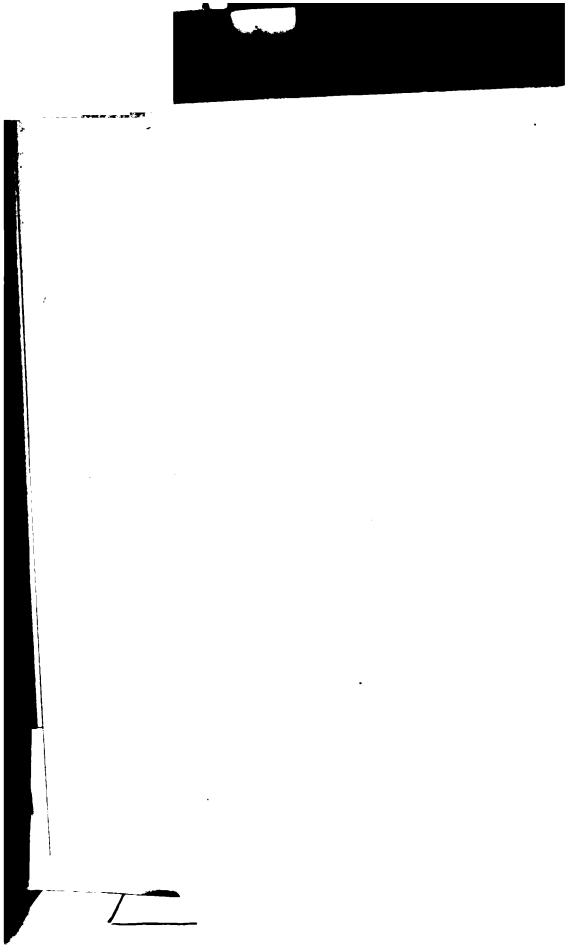
Thou art coming! We are waiting
With a hope that cannot fail;
Asking not the day or hour,
Resting on Thy word of power
Anchored safe within the veil.
Time appointed may be long,
But the vision must be sure:
Certainty shall make us strong,
Joyful patience can endure!

O the joy to see Thee reigning,
Thee, my own beloved Lord!
Every tongue Thy name confessing,
Worship, honour, glory, blessing,
Brought to Thee with glad accord!
Thee, my Master and my Friend,
Vindicated and enthroned!
Unto earth's remotest end
Glorified, adored, and owned!

IV.

Our Work.

'Workers together with Him.'—2 Cor. vi. 1.
'Serve the Lord with gladness; come before His presence with singing.'—Ps. c. 2.



'HAVE YOU NOT A WORD FOR JESUS?'

'O Lord, open Thou my lips; and my mouth shall show forth Thy praise.'—Ps. li. 15.

HAVE you not a word for Jesus? not a word to say for Him?
He is listening through the chorus of the burning seraphim!
HE IS LISTENING; does He hear you speaking of the things of earth,
Only of its passing pleasure, selfish sorrow, empty mirth?
He has spoken words of blessing, pardon, peace, and love to you,
Glorious hopes and gracious comfort, strong and tender, sweet and true;
Does He hear you telling others something of His love untold,
Overflowings of thanksgiving for His mercies manifold?

Have you not a word for Jesus? Will the
world His praise proclaim?
Who shall speak if ye are silent? ye who
know and love His name.
You, whom He hath called and chosen His
own witnesses to be,
Will you tell your gracious Master, 'Lord, we
cannot speak for Thee!'
'Cannot!' though He suffered for you, died
because He loved you so!
'Cannot!' though He has forgiven, making
scarlet white as snow!
'Cannot!' though His grace abounding is
your freely promised aid!
'Cannot!' though HE stands beside you,
though HE says, 'Be not afraid!'

Have you not a word for Jesus? Some, per-
chance, while ye are dumb,
Wait and weary for your message, hoping *you*
will bid them 'come';
Never telling hidden sorrows, lingering just
outside the door,
Longing for *your* hand to lead them into rest
for evermore.

Yours may be the joy and honour His redeemèd ones to bring,
Jewels for the coronation of your coming Lord and King.
Will you cast away the gladness thus your Master's joy to share,
All because a word for Jesus seems too much for you to dare?

What shall be our word for Jesus? Master, give it day by day;
Ever as the need arises, teach Thy children what to say.
Give us holy love and patience; grant us deep humility,
That of self we may be emptied, and our hearts be full of Thee;
Give us zeal and faith and fervour, make us winning, make us wise,
Single-hearted, strong and fearless,—Thou hast called us, we will rise!
Let the might of Thy good Spirit go with every loving word;
And by hearts prepared and opened be our message always heard!

Yes, we have a word for Jesus! Living echoes
we will be
Of Thine own sweet words of blessing, of Thy
gracious 'Come to Me.'
Jesus, Master! yes, we love Thee, and to
prove our love, would lay
Fruit of lips which Thou wilt open, at Thy
blessèd feet to-day.
Many an effort it may cost us, many a heart-
beat, many a fear,
But Thou knowest, and wilt strengthen, and
Thy help is always near.
Give us grace to follow fully, vanquishing our
faithless shame,
Feebly it may be, but truly, witnessing for
Thy dear Name.

Yes, we have a word for Jesus! we will bravely
speak for Thee,
And Thy bold and faithful soldiers, Saviour,
we would henceforth be:
Thy name set up our banners, while Thine
wave above,
of Mercy, and Thy

Help us lovingly to labour, looking for Thy
present smile,
Looking for Thy promised blessing, through
the brightening 'little while.'
Words for Thee in weakness spoken, Thou
wilt here accept and own,
And confess them in Thy glory, when we see
Thee on Thy throne.

—o—

A WORKER'S PRAYER.

LORD, speak to me, that I may speak
In living echoes of Thy tone;
As Thou hast sought, so let me seek
Thy erring children, lost and lone.

O lead me, Lord, that I may lead
The wandering and the wavering feet;
O feed me, Lord, that I may feed
Thy hungering ones with manna sweet.

O strengthen me, that while I stand
Firm on the Rock and strong in Thee,
I may stretch out a loving hand
To wrestlers with the troubled sea.

O teach me, Lord, that I may teach
The precious things Thou dost impart;
And wing my words, that they may reach
The hidden depths of many a heart.

O give Thine own sweet rest to me,
That I may speak with soothing power
A word in season, as from Thee,
To weary ones in needful hour.

O fill me with Thy fulness, Lord,
Until my very heart o'erflow
In kindling thought and glowing word,
Thy love to tell, Thy praise to show.

O use me, Lord, use even me,
Just *as* Thou wilt, and *when*, and *where;*
Until Thy blessed Face I see,
Thy rest, Thy joy, Thy glory share.

—o—

OUR COMMISSION.

'And the Spirit and the Bride say, Come. And let him that heareth say, Come.'—REV. xxii. 17.

YE who hear the blessèd call
Of the Spirit and the Bride:
Hear the Master's word to all,
Your commission and your guide—

Our Commission.

'And let him that heareth say,
Come,' to all yet far away.

'Come!' alike to age and youth,
Tell them of our Friend above,
Of His beauty and His truth,
Preciousness and grace and love.
Tell them what you know is true,
Tell them what He is to you.

'Come!' to those who never heard
Why the Saviour's blood was shed;
Bear to them the message-word
That can quicken from the dead;
Tell them Jesus 'died for all,'
Tell them of His loving call.

'Come!' to those who do not care
For the Saviour's precious death,
Having not a thought to spare
For the gracious words He saith.
Ere the shadows gather deep,
Rouse them from their fatal sleep.

'Come!' to those who, while they hear,
Linger, hardly knowing why;
Tell them that the Lord is near,
Tell them Jesus passes by.

Call them *now;* oh, do not wait,
Lest to-morrow be too late!

'Come!' to those who wander far,
Seeking, never finding, rest;
Point them to the Morning Star;
Show them how they may be blest
With the love that cannot cease,
Joyful hope and perfect peace.

'Come!' to those who draw in vain
From the broken cisterns here,
Drinking but to thirst again;
Tell them of the fountain near.
Living water, flowing still,
Free for 'whosoever will.'

'Come!' to those who faint and groan
Under some unuttered grief,
Hearts that suffer all alone;
Try to bring them true relief.
Tell them 'Jesus wept,' and He
Still is full of sympathy.

'Come!' to those who feel their sin,
Fearing to be lost at last,
Mourning for the plague within,
Mourning for transgressions past;

Tell them Jesus calls them in,
Heavy laden with their sin.

Such as these are all around,
  Meeting, passing, every day;
Ye who know the joyful sound,
  Have ye not a word to say?
Ye who hear that blessed 'Come,'
Sweet and clear, can ye be dumb?

Brothers, sisters, do not wait,
  Speak for Him who speaks to you!
Wherefore should you hesitate?
  This is no great thing to do.
Jesus only bids you say,
'Come!' and will you not obey?

Lord! to Thy command we bow,
  Touch our lips with altar fire;
Let Thy Spirit kindle now
  Faith and zeal, and strong desire;
So that henceforth we may be
Fellow-workers, Lord, with Thee.

SINGING FOR JESUS.

'With my song will I praise Him.'—Ps. xxviii. 7.

SINGING for Jesus, our Saviour and King,
Singing for Jesus, the Lord whom we love:
All adoration we joyously bring,
Longing to praise as we praise Him above.

Singing for Jesus, our Master and Friend,
Telling His love and His marvellous grace;
Love from eternity, love without end,
Love for the loveless, the sinful and base.

Singing for Jesus, and trying to win
Many to love Him, and join in the song;
Calling the weary and wandering in,
Rolling the chorus of gladness along.

Singing for Jesus, our Life and our Light;
Singing for Him as we press to the mark;
Singing for Him when the morning is bright,
Singing, still singing, for Him in the dark.

Singing for Jesus, our Shepherd and Guide,
Singing for gladness of heart that He gives;

Singing for wonder and praise that He died,
Singing for blessing and joy that He lives.

Singing for Jesus, Oh, singing with joy!
Thus will we praise Him and tell out His love,
Till He shall call us to brighter employ,
Singing for Jesus for ever above.

—o—

A SILENCE AND A SONG.

I AM alone, dear Master—
Alone in heart with Thee!
Though merry faces round me
And loving looks I see.

There's a hush among the blithe ones,
While a pleasant voice is heard,
A truce to all the tournament
Of flashing wit and word.

And in that truce of silence,
I lay aside my lance,
And through the light and music send
One happy upward glance.

I know not what the song may be,
The words I cannot hear;

'Tis but a gentle melody,
All simple, soft, and clear.

But the sweetness and the quiet
Have set my spirit free,
And I turn in loving gladness,
Dear Master, now to Thee.

I know I love Thee better
Than any earthly joy,
For Thou hast given me the peace
Which nothing can destroy.

I know that Thou art nearer still
Than all this merry throng,
And sweeter is the thought of Thee
Than any lovely song.

Thou hast put gladness in my heart,
Then well may I be glad!
Without the secret of Thy love,
I could not but be sad.

I bless Thee for these pleasant hours
With sunny-hearted friends,
But more for this sweet moment's calm
Thy loving-kindness sends.

O Master, gracious Master,
What will Thy presence be,
If such a thrill of joy can crown
One upward look to Thee?

'Tis ending now, that gentle song,
And they will call for me;
They know the music I love best,—
My song shall be for Thee!

For Thee, who hast so lovèd us,
And whom not having seen,
We love; on whom in all our joy,
As in our grief, we lean.

Be near me still, and tune my notes,
And make them sweet and strong
To waft Thy words to many a heart,
Upon the wings of song.

I know that all will listen,
For my very heart shall sing,
And it shall be Thy praise alone,
My glorious Lord and King.

—o—

THE COMING OF THE HEALER.

'They came into the land of Gennesaret. And *when* the men of that place had knowledge of Him, they sent out into all that country round about, and brought unto Him all that were diseased, and besought Him that they might only touch the hem of His garment; and as many as touched were made perfectly whole.'—MATT. xiv. 34–36.

FROM the watch of lonely mountain prayer,
in gathering storm and blast;
From the path no mortal foot could tread, o'er
waters wild and vast,
HE came, the glorious Son of God, with
healing, love, and light,
To the land of far Gennesaret, that lay in
shadowy night.

Oh blessed morning, sunrise true, upon that
gloomy shore!
Where they who walked in darkness long, the
Light of Life adore.
Oh blessed coming to the land of Death's
usurping sway;
For where those shining footsteps fall, the
shadows flee away!

But *when* the Light had touched the hills by
slumbering Galilee,
The golden wave must roll afar towards the
western sea :
And *when* the men had knowledge of the Holy
One of God,
Then they sent out through all the land, and
spread His fame abroad.

And *then* they brought the suffering ones, the
lonely, or the dear,
And laid them at the Healer's feet, from far
away, or near :
Then bent before the Wondrous One, and
earnestly besought
That they might only touch the hem around
His garment wrought.

He heard the prayer, and gave the will and
strength to touch the hem ;
And gave the faith, and virtue flowed from
Him, and healèd them :
For every one whose feeblest touch thus met
the Saviour's power,
Rose up in perfect health and strength in that
accepted hour.

O Tender One, O Mighty One, who never sent
away
The sinner or the sufferer, Thou art The Same
to-day!
The Same in Love, the Same in Power, and
Thou art waiting still,
To heal the multitudes that come, yea, 'whosoever will!'

We know Thee, blessed Saviour, who hast
'filled us with good things;'
Thou hast arisen on our land, with healing in
Thy wings;
Thou hast arisen on our hearts, with light and
life Divine;
Now bid us be Thy messengers, bid us 'arise
and shine'!

Oh let Thy Spirit fire our zeal, that we may
now 'send out,'
And tell that Thou art come 'in all the country
round about,'—
That Thou art waiting now to heal, that Thou
art strong to save,
That Thou hast spoilt the Spoiler, Death, and
*triumph*ed o'er the grave.

Oh make us fervent in the quest, that we may
bring them in,
The weary and the wounded, and the sufferers
from sin;
The stricken and the dying, let us seek them
out for Thee,
And lay them at Thy glorious feet, that healèd
they may be.

Oh pour upon our waiting hearts the Spirit of
Thy grace,
That we may plead with Thee to show the
brightness of Thy face,
Beseeching Thee to grant the will and strength
and faith to such
As lie in helpless misery, Thy garment's hem
to touch.

And then, Lord Jesus, make them whole, that
they may rise and bring
New praise and glory unto Thee, our Healer
and our King:
Yea, let Thy saving health be known through
all the earth abroad,
So shall the people praise Thy Name, our
Saviour and our God.

ANOTHER FOR CHRIST.

ANOTHER called, another brought, dear Master, to Thy feet!
Oh where are words to tell the joy so wonderful and sweet!
Oh where are words to give Thee thanks that Thou indeed hast heard,
That Thou hast proved and sealed anew Thy faithful promise-word!

We prayed so long with fervent hope and patient faith, that she
With all her early wealth of love might give herself to Thee;
Well knowing that our prayer must be the echo of Thy will,
Itself the earnest and the pledge that Thou wilt all fulfil.

And now the prayer is turned to praise, and with the angel-throng,
Who even now are pouring forth a new and joyful song,
Our hearts ascend, our whispers blend, in deepest thrill of praise,
The happiest Alleluia-hymn that human heart can raise.

Oh joy to know that Thou hast found Thy
fair and weary dove,
Rejoicing o'er the wanderer now, and resting
in Thy love,
That *Thou* art glad, that Thou hast seen the
travail of Thy soul,
Thy blessèd Name emblazoned on a new and
living scroll!

O Master, blessèd Master, it is hard indeed to
know
That thousands round our daily path mis-
understand Thee so!
Despisèd and rejected yet, no beauty they can
see,
O King of glory and of grace, belovèd Lord,
in Thee!

Not even as a lovely song of pleasant voice
appears
The story of Thy wondrous love in dull and
drowsy ears;
'Tis nothing to the passers-by, who coldly
turn aside,
That Thou hast poured Thy precious blood,
that Thou wast crucified.

10466

O Saviour, precious Saviour, come in all Thy
power and grace,
And take away the veil that hides the glory
of Thy face!
Oh manifest the marvels of Thy tenderness and
love,
And let Thy Name be blessed and praised all
other names above.

Oh vindicate Thyself, and show how perfect
are Thy ways,
Untraceable, because too bright for weak and
mortal gaze;
Shine forth, O Sun, and bid the scales of
darkening evil fall,
Thou Altogether Lovely One, Thou glorious
All-in-all!

Yet conquering Thy word goes forth on all-
triumphant way!
'Ye *shall* be gathered one by one,' 'tis true
afresh to-day!
And so we hush the yearning cry, 'How
long, O Lord, how long?'
A sweet new token Thou hast given to change
it into song.

So once again we praise Thee, with Thy holy ones above,
Because another heart has seen Thy great and mighty love;
Another heart will own Thee Lord, and worship Thee as King,
And grateful love and glowing praise and willing service bring.

Another voice to 'tell it out' what great things Thou hast done,
Another life to live for Thee, another witness won,
Another faithful soldier on our Captain's side enrolled,
Another heart to read aright Thy heart of love untold!

—o—

'*HOW WONDERFUL!*'

HE answered all my prayer abundantly,
And crowned the work that to His feet I brought,
With blessing more than I had asked or thought—
blessing undisguised, and fair, and free.
tood amazed, *and* whispered, 'Can it be

That He hath granted all the boon I sought?
How wonderful that He for me hath wrought!
How wonderful that He hath answered me!'
O faithless heart! He *said* that He would hear
And answer Thy poor prayer, and He *hath* heard
And proved His promise. Wherefore didst thou fear?
Why marvel that Thy Lord hath kept His word?
More wonderful if He should fail to bless
Expectant faith and prayer with good success!

—o—

VALIANT FOR THE TRUTH.

'Ye should earnestly contend for the faith which was once delivered unto the saints.'—JUDE 3.

UNFURL the Christian Standard! lift it manfully on high,
And rally where its shining folds wave out against the sky!
Away with weak half-heartedness, with faithlessness and fear!
Unfurl the Christian Standard, and follow with a cheer!

In God's own name we set it up, this banner
brave and bright,
Uplifted for the cause of Christ, the cause of
Truth and Right;
The cause that none can overthrow, the cause
that must prevail,
Because the promise of the Lord can never,
never fail!

Now, who is on the Lord's side, who? come,
throng His battle-field;
Be strong, and show that ye are men! come
forth with sword and shield!
What peace, while traitorous Evil stalks in
false array of light?
What peace, while enemies of Christ are
gathering for the fight?

Unfurl the Christian Standard, with firm and
fearless hands!
For no pale flag of compromise with Error's
legion bands,
And no faint-hearted flag of truce with Mis-
chief and with Wrong,
Should lead the soldiers of the Cross, the
faithful and the strong.

Unfurl the Christian Standard, and follow
through the strife
The noble army who have won the martyr's
crown of life;
Our ancestors could die for Truth, could brave
the deadly glow,
And shall we let the standard fall, and yield it
to the foe?

But if ye dare not hold it fast, yours only is
the loss,
For it *shall* be victorious, this Standard of the
Cross!
It shall not suffer, though ye rest beneath
your sheltering trees,
And cast away the victor's crown for love of
timid ease.

The Lord of Hosts, in whom alone our weak-
ness shall be strong,
Shall lead us on to conquest with a mighty
battle song;
And soon the warfare shall be past, the glo-
rious triumph won,
The kingdoms of this world *shall* be the king-
doms of His Son!

A PLEA FOR THE LITTLE ONES.

IT was Easter Monday morning,
A dull and showery day;
We were sorry for the children
Who could not run and play.

I heard the sound of singing
As I passed along the street—
An unseen tiny chorus
Of tiny voices sweet.

Beneath a sheltering doorway,
Safe from the April weather,
Eight happy little singers
Sat lovingly together.

Five crowding on the doorstep
With arms entwined, and three
On broken stool or baby chair,
Close clustering knee to knee.

They sang about the 'happy land,'
So very 'far away,'
And happier faces never shone
In any game of play.

And then they sang it all again,
And gently rocked each other;
Then said the little leader,
'Now let us sing another!'

'Now *I* will say a hymn to you!'
(Oh the sixteen eyes were bright!)
So I said them 'Little Jessie,'
As they listened with delight.

Jessie's Friend.

'Little Jessie, darling pet,
Do you want a Friend?
One who never will forget,
Loving to the end?
One whom you can tell, when sad,
Everything that grieves,
One who loves to make you glad,
One who never leaves?

'Such a loving Friend is ours
Near us all the day,
Helping us in lesson-hours,
Smiling on our play;
Keeping us from doing wrong,
Guarding everywhere;

Listening to each happy song,
And each little prayer.

'Jessie, if you only knew
What He is to me,
Surely you would love Him too,
You would "come and see."
Come, and you will find it true,
Happy you will be!
Jesus says, and says to you,
"Come, oh come, to Me."'

'Now tell me who, if you can guess,
Was little Jessie's Friend?
Who is the Friend that loves so much,
And loveth to the end?'

I would that you had seen the smile
On every sunny face;
It made a palace of delight
Out of that dismal place,

As, reverently yet joyously,
They answered without fear,
'It's Jesus!' That belovèd Name
Had never seemed more dear.

And then we talked awhile of Him—
They knew the story well;
His holy life, His precious death,
Those rosy lips could tell.

All beautiful, and wonderful,
And sweet and true it seemed,
Such hold no fairy tale had gained
That ever fancy dreamed.

So, to be good and kind all day
These little children tried,
Because they knew *He* was so good,
Because *He* bled and died.

Blest knowledge! Oh what human lore
Can be compared with such!
'Who taught you this, dear little ones?
Where did you learn so much?'

Again the bright eyes cheerily
Looked up from step and stool;
They answered (mark the answer well!),
'*We learnt it all at school!*'

At school, at school! And shall we take
The Book of books away?

Withhold it from the little ones?
Leave them at will to stray—

Upon dark mountains, helplessly,
Without the guiding light
That God entrusts to *us*, until
They perish in the night?

What was the world before that Book
Went forth in glorious might?
Availed the lore of Greece and Rome
To chase its Stygian night?

We send the messengers of life
To many a distant strand,
And shall we tie the tongues that teach
The poor of our own land?

Shall husks and chaff be freely given,
And not the Bread of Life?
And shall the Word of Peace become
A centre of mad strife?

Shall those who name the Name of Christ
His own great gift withhold?
Our Lamp, our Chart, our Sword, our Song,
Our Pearl, our most fine Gold!

Why would ye have 'no Bible taught'?
Is it for *fear*? or shame?

Out, out upon such coward hearts,
False to their Master's name!

If God be God, if truth be truth,
If Christian men be men,
Let them arise and fight the fight,
Though it were one to ten!

With battle-cry of valiant faith,
Let Britain's sons arise,—
'Our children *shall* be taught the Word
That only maketh wise!'

So, dauntlessly, will we unfurl
Our banner bright and broad,
The cause of His dear Word of Life,
Our cause, the Cause of God.

—o—

TELL IT OUT.

'Tell it out among the heathen that the Lord is King.'
—Ps. xcvi. 10. (*Prayer Book Version.*)

TELL it out among the heathen that the Lord is King!
Tell it out, tell it out!
Tell it out among the nations, bid them shout and sing!
Tell it out, tell it out!

Tell it out with adoration, that He shall increase;
That the mighty King of glory is the King of Peace.
Tell it out with jubilation, though the waves may roar,
That He sitteth on the waterfloods, our King for evermore!
Tell it out, etc.

Tell it out among the nations that the Saviour reigns!
Tell it out, tell it out!
Tell it out among the heathen, bid them burst their chains!
Tell it out, tell it out!
Tell it out among the weeping ones that Jesus lives;
Tell it out among the weary ones what rest He gives;
Tell it out among the sinners that He came to save;
Tell it out among the dying that He triumphed o'er the grave.
Tell it out, etc.

Tell it out among the heathen Jesus reigns above!
Tell it out, tell it out!
Tell it out among the nations that His name is Love!
Tell it out, tell it out!
Tell it out among the highways, and the lanes at home:
Let it ring across the mountains and the ocean foam;
Like the sound of many waters let our glad shout be,
Till it echo and re-echo from the islands of the sea!
Tell it out, etc.

—o—

SISTERS.

OH! for a fiery scroll, and a trumpet of thunder might,
To startle the silken dreams of English women at ease,
Circled with peace and joy, and dwelling where truth and light
Are shining fair as the stars, and free as the western breeze!

Oh! for a clarion voice to reach and stir their nest,
With the story of sisters' woes gathering day by day
Over the Indian homes (sepulchres rather than rest),
Till they rouse in the strength of the Lord, and roll the stone away.

Sisters! Scorn not the name, for ye cannot altar the fact!
Deem ye the darker tint of the glowing south shall be
Valid excuse above for the Priest's and Levite's act,
If ye pass on the other side, and say that ye did not see?

Sisters! Yea, and they lie, not by the side of the road,
But hidden in loathsome caves, in crushed and quivering throngs,
Down-trodden, degraded, and dark, beneath the invisible load
Of centuries, echoing groans, black with inherited wrongs.

Made like our own strange selves, with memory,
mind, and will;
Made with a heart to love, and a soul to
live for ever!
Sisters! Is there no chord vibrating in musi-
cal thrill,
At the fall of that gentle word, to issue in
bright endeavour?

Sisters! Ye who have known the Elder
Brother's love,
Ye who have sat at His feet, and leant on
His gracious breast,
Whose hearts are glad with the hope of His
own blest home above,
Will ye not seek them out, and lead them
to Him for rest?

Is it too great a thing? Will not *one* rise and
go,
Laying her joys aside, as the Master laid
them down?
Seeking His lone and lost in the veilèd abodes
of woe,
Winning His Indian gems to shine in His
glorious crown!

AN INDIAN FLAG.

THE golden gates were opening
For another welcome guest;
For a ransomed heir of glory
Was entering into rest.

The first in far Umritsur
Who heard the joyful sound,
The first who came to Jesus
Within its gloomy bound.

The wonderers and the watchers
Around his dying bed,
Saw Christ's own fearless witness
Safe through the valley led.

And they whose faithful sowing
Had not been all in vain,
Knew that the angels waited
Their sheaf of ripened grain.

He spoke: 'Throughout the city
How many a flag is raised,
Where loveless deities are owned,
And powerless gods are praised.

'I give my house to Jesus,
That it may always be
A flag for Christ, the Son of God,
Who gave Himself for me.'

And now in far Umritsur,
That flag is waving bright,
Amid the heathen darkness,
A clear and shining light.

A house where all may gather
The words of peace to hear,
And seek the only Saviour
Without restraint or fear;

Where patient toil of teaching,
And kindly deeds abound;
Where holy festivals are kept,
And holy songs resound.

First convert of Umritsur,
Well hast thou led the way;
Now, who will rise and follow?
Who dares to answer 'Nay!'

O children of salvation!
O dwellers in the light!

Have ye no 'flag for Jesus,'
Far-waving, fair and bright?

Will ye not band together,
And, working hand in hand,
Set up a 'flag for Jesus,'
In that wide heathen land?

In many an Indian city,
Oh, let a standard wave;
Our gift of love and honour,
To Him who came to save;

To Him beneath whose banner
Of wondrous love we rest;
Our Friend, the Friend of sinners,
The Greatest and the Best.

—o—

*THE LULL OF ETERNITY.**

MANY a voice has echoed the cry for 'a lull in life,'
Fainting under the noontide, fainting under the strife.

* Sequel to 'A Lull in Life.' See *The Ministry of Song*, p. 199 (Pocket Edition).

Is it the wisest longing? is it the truest gain?
Is not the Master withholding possible loss
and pain?

Perhaps if He sent the lull we might fail of
our heart's desire!
Swift and sharp the concussion striking out
living fire,
Mighty and long the friction resulting in living
glow,
Heat that is force of the spirit, energy fruitful
in flow.

What if the blast should falter, what if the
fire be stilled,
What if the molten metal cool ere the mould
be filled?
What if the hands hang down when a work is
almost done?
What if the sword be dropped when a battle
is almost won?

Past many an unseen Maelstrom the strong
wind drives the skiff,
When a lull might drift it onward to fatal
swirl or cliff.

Faithful the guide that spurreth, sternly forbidding repose,
When treacherous slumber lureth to pause amid Alpine snows.

The lull of Time may be darkness, falling in lonely night,
But the lull of Eternity neareth, rising in full calm light;
The earthly lull may be silence, desolate, deep and cold,
But the heavenly lull shall be music sweeter a thousand-fold.

Here, it is 'calling apart,' and the place may be desert indeed,
Leaving and losing the blessings linked with our busy need;
There!—why should I say it? hath not the heart leapt up,
Swift and glad, to the contrast, filling the full, full cup?

Still shall the key-word ringing, echo the same sweet '*Come!*'
'Come' with the blessèd myriads safe in the Father's home;

'Come'—for the work is over; 'come'—for
the feast is spread;
'Come'—for the crown of glory waits for the
weary head.

When the rest of faith is ended, and the rest
in hope is past,
The rest of love remaineth, Sabbath of life at
last.
No more fleeting hours, hurrying down the
day,
But golden stillness of glory, never to pass
away.

Time with its pressure of moments, mocking
us as they fell
With relentless beat of a footstep, hour by
hour the knell
Of a hope or an aspiration, then shall have
passed away,
Leaving a grand calm leisure, leisure of endless
day.

Leisure that cannot be dimmed by the touch
of time or place,
Finding its counterpart measure only in infinite
space;

Full, and yet ever filling, leisure without alloy,
Eternity's seal on the limitless charter of heavenly joy.

Leisure to fathom the fathomless, leisure to seek and to know
Marvels and secrets and glories eternity only can show;
Leisure of holiest gladness, leisure of holiest love,
Leisure to drink from the Fountain of infinite peace above.

Art thou patiently toiling, waiting the Master's will,
For a rest that never seems nearer, a hush that is far off still?
Does it seem that the noisy city never will let thee hear
The sound of His gentle footsteps drawing, it may be, near?

Does it seem that the blinding dazzle of noon-day glare and heat
Is a fiery veil between thy heart and visions high and sweet?

What though 'a lull in life' may never be
made for thee?
Soon shall a 'better thing' be thine, the Lull of
Eternity.

—o—

THE SOWERS.

IN the morning sow thy seed, nor stay thy
hand at evening hour,
Never asking which shall prosper—both may
yield thee fruit and flower:
Thou shalt reap of that thou sowest; though
thy grain be small and bare,
God shall clothe it as He pleases, for the har-
vest full and fair;
Though it sink in turbid waters, hidden from
thy yearning sight,
It shall spring in strength and beauty, ripen-
ing in celestial light;
Ever springing, ever ripening;—not alone in
earthly soil,
Not alone among the shadows, where the
weary workers toil;
Gracious first-fruits there may meet thee of the
reaping-time begun;
But upon the Hill of Zion, 'neath the Uncre-
ated Sun,

First the *fulness* of the blessing shall the faithful labourer see,
Gathering fruit to life eternal, harvest of Eternity.

Let us watch awhile the sowers, let us mark their tiny grain,
Scattered oft in doubt and trembling, sown in weakness or in pain;
Then let Faith, with radiant finger, lift the veil from unseen things,
Where the golden sheaves are bending and the harvest anthem rings.

I.

'Such as I have I sow, it is not much,'
Said one who loved the Master of the field;
'Only a quiet word, a gentle touch
Upon the hidden harp-strings, which may yield
No quick response; I tremble, yet I speak
For Him who knows the heart, so loving, yet so weak.'

And so the words were spoken, soft and low,
Or traced with timid pen; yet oft they fell

On soil prepared, which she would never know,
Until the tender blade sprang up, to tell
That not in vain her labour had been spent;
Then with new faith and hope more bravely on she went.

II.

'I had much seed to sow,' said one; 'I planned
To fill broad furrows, and to watch it spring
And water it with care. But now the hand
Of Him to whom I sought great sheaves to bring,
Is laid upon His labourer, and I wait,
Weak, helpless, useless, at His palace gate.

'Now I have nothing, only day by day
Grace to sustain me till the day is done;
And some sweet passing glimpses by the way
Of Him, the Altogether Lovely One;
And some strange things to learn, unlearnt before,
That make the suffering light, if it but teach *me more.*'

Yet, from the hush of that secluded room,
Forth floated wingèd seeds of thought and prayer;
These, reaching many a desert place to bloom,
And pleasant fruit an hundred-fold to bear;
Those, wafted heavenward with song and sigh,
To fall again with showers of blessing from on high.

III.

'What can I sow?' thought one, to whom God gave
Sweet notes and skilful fingers—'Can my song
Be cast upon the waters, as they lave
My feet with grateful echo, soft and long,
Or break in sunny spray of fair applaud?
Shall this be found one day as fruit to Thee, my God?'

He sang, and all were hushed: Oh, sweeter fall
The notes that pour from fervent fount of love,
Than studied flow of sweetest madrigal!
He sang of One who listened from above,

He cast the song at His belovèd feet ;—
Some said, 'How strange!' And others felt,
'How sweet!'

IV.

Another stood, with basket stored indeed,
And powerful hand both full and faithful found,
And cast God's own imperishable seed
Upon the darkly heaving waste around:
Yet oft in weariness, and oft in woe,
Did that good sower store, and then go forth to sow.

The tide of human hearts still ebbed and flowed,
Less like the fruitful flood than barren sea;
He saw not where it fell, and yet he sowed:
'Not void shall it return,' said God, 'to Me'!
The precious seed, so swiftly borne away,
A singing reaper's hand shall fill with sheaves one day.

V.

Another watched the sowers longingly.
'I cannot sow such seed as they,' he said;
'No shining grain of thought is given to me,
No fiery words of power bravely sped:

Will others give me of their bounteous store?
My hand may scatter that, if I can do no more.'

So by the wayside he went forth to sow
The silent seeds, each wrapped in fruitful prayer,
With glad humility; content to know
The volume lent, the leaflet culled with care,
The message placed in stranger hands, were all
Beneath His guiding eye who notes the sparrow's fall.

VI.

An opening blossom, bright with early dew,
Whose rosy lips had touched the Living Spring
Before the thirst of earth was felt; who knew
The children's Saviour, and the children's King,
Said, 'What can I sow, mother?' 'Darling boy,
Show all how glad He makes you, scatter love and joy!'

That sparkling seed he took in his small hand,
And dropped it tenderly beside the flow

Of sorrows that he could not understand,
And cast it lovingly upon the snow
That shrouded aged hearts, and joyously
Upon the dancing waves of playmates' thoughtless glee.

VII.

'What seed have I to sow?' said one—'I lie
In stilled and darkened chamber, lone and low;
The silent days and silent nights pass by
In monotone of dimness. Could I throw
Into the nearest furrow one small seed,
It would be life again, a blessèd life indeed!'

And so she lay through lingering month and year,
No word for Him to speak, no work to do;
Only to suffer and be still, and hear
That yet the Golden Gate was not in view;
While hands of love and skill, this charge to keep,
Must leave the whitening plain, where others now would reap.

Such the sowing; what the reaping? Many
a full and precious ear
Waved and ripened, fair and early, for the
patient sowers' cheer.
Not without some gracious witness of God's
faithfulness and love
Toiled they, waiting for the coming of the
harvest home above;
Word, and prayer, and song, and leaflet, found
though after many days,
Quickening energy and courage, brightening
hope and wakening praise.
Yet how many a seed seemed trodden under
foot, and left to die,
Lost, forgotten by the sower, never traced by
human eye;
Many a worker meekly saying, 'Lord, how
thankful will I be,
If but one among a thousand may bring forth
good fruit to Thee!'

One by one, no longer
Gently bid to wait;
One by one, they entered
Through the Golden Gate.

One by one they fell adoring
  At the Master's feet,
Heard His welcome, deep and thrilling,
'Enter thou!' each full heart filling,
All its need for ever stilling—
  All its restless beat.

Then the gift, the free, the glorious,
  Life with Him, eternal life,—
Erst bestowed amid the weeping,
And the weary vigil keeping,
  And the bitter strife,—

Now in mighty consummation,
  First in all its fulness known,
Dower of glory all transcendent,
Everlasting and resplendent,
  Is their own!

All their own, through Him who loved them,
  And redeemed them unto God!
New and living revelation
Of the marvels of salvation,
Wakes new depths of adoration,
  New and burning laud.

Now they see their gracious Master,
See Him face to face!
Now they know the great transition
From the veiled to veil-less vision,
In that bright and blessèd place.

What a change has passed upon them!
Made like Him, the Perfect One,—
Made like Him, whose joy they enter,
Him, the only Crown and Centre
Of the endless bliss begun.

But Eternity is long,
And its joys are manifold!
Though the service of its song
Never falters or grows cold,
Though the billows of its praise
Never die upon the shore,
Though the blessèd harpers raise
Alleluias evermore,
Though the eye grows never dim
Gazing on that mighty Sun,
Ever finding all in Him,
Every joy complete in one;—

Yet THE INFINITE is He,
In His Wisdom and His Might;
And it needs eternity
To reveal His Love and Light
To the finite and created!
Archangelic mind and heart
Never with His bliss was sated,
Never knew the thousandth part
Of the all-mysterious rays
Flowing from Essential Light,
Hiding in approachless blaze
God Himself, the Infinite.

Infinite the ocean-joy
Opening to His children's view;
Infinite their varied treasure,
Meted not by mortal measure—
Holy knowledge, holy pleasure,
Through Eternity's great leisure,
Like its praises, ever new.

So the blessèd sowers' gladness
In the free and royal grace,
Should be crowned with added glory
Woven with their earthly story,
Linked with time and place.

Glad surprise! for every service
Overflowing their reward!
No more sowing, no more weeping,
Only grand and glorious reaping,
All the blessing of their Lord.

I.

She who timidly had scattered
Trembling line or whispered word,
Till the holy work grew dearer,
And the sacred courage clearer,
Now her Master's own voice heard.

Calling shining throngs around her,
All her own fair harvest found;
Then, her humble name confessing,
With His radiant smile of blessing,
All her dower of gladness crowned.

II.

'Welcome thou, whose heavenly message
Came with quickening power to me!
O most welcome to the portals
Of this home of bright immortals,
I have waited long for thee!'

'Who art thou? I never saw thee
In my pilgrimage below,'
Said he, marvelling. 'I will show thee,'
Answered he, 'the love I owe thee,
Full and fervent, for I know thee
By the starlight on thy brow.

'Words that issued from thy chamber
Turned my darkness into light,
Guided footsteps, weak and weary,
Through the desert wild and dreary,
Through the valley of the night.

'Come! for many another waits thee!
All unfolded thou shalt see,
Through the ecstatic revelation
Of their endless exultation,
What our God hath wrought by thee.'

III.

Hark! a voice all joy-inspiring
Peals adown the golden floor,
Leading on a white-robed chorus,
Sweet as flute, and yet sonorous
As the many waters' roar.

He who sang for Jesus heard it!
'Tis the echo of thy song!'
Said the leader. 'As we listened,
Cold hearts glowed and dim eyes glistened,
And we learned to love and long—

'Till the longing and the loving
Soared to Him of whom you sang;
Till our Alleluia, swelling,
Through the glory all-excelling,
Up the jasper arches rang.'

IV.

'Mid the angel-constellations,
Like a star of purest flame,
Shining with exceeding brightness,
Robed in snowy-glistering whiteness,
Now a singing reaper came.

Came with fulness of rejoicing
That belovèd smile to meet;
'Master, lo, I come with singing,
Myriad sheaves of glory bringing
To Thy dear and blessèd feet.'

Followed o'er the golden crystal
Glittering hosts with crown and palm;

Joining him whose voice had taught them,
To the praise of Him who bought them,
In a new and rapturous psalm.

v.

He who humbly watched the sowers,
Watched the reapers of the Lord;
Sharing all their jubilation,
Hailing every coronation,
Gladdened by their great reward.

'Seed of others long I scattered,
Now their harvest joy is mine,
Kindling holy contemplation
Into glowing adoration,
Into ecstasy divine.'

So he chanted. But the Master
Beckoned through the shining throng;
While the praises of the choir
Rose into that silence, higher
Than the highest flight of song.

Great and gracious words were spoken
Of his faithful service done,
By the Voice that thrills all heaven;
And mysterious rule was given
To that meek and marvelling one.

VI.

Found the little child rich harvest
From his tiny seed of love;
Little footsteps followed surely
In the footprints marked so purely,
Till they met again above.

Aged ones and feeble mourners
Felt the solace of his smile;
Hastened on with footsteps lighter,
Battled on with courage brighter,
Through the lessening 'little while,'

Till they too had joined the mansions
Where the weary are at rest.
Could that little one forget them?
Oh how joyously he met them
In his dear home safe and blest!

And the Saviour, who had called him,
Smiled upon His little one;
On his brow, so fair and tender,
Set a crown of heavenly splendour,
With the gracious word, 'Well done!'

VII.

Yet again a wondrous anthem
Rang across the crystal sea;
Harps and voices all harmonious,
Nearer, nearer, sweet, symphonious,
Meet for heaven's own jubilee.

One by one the singers gathered,
Ever swelling that great song,
Till a mighty chorus thundered,
Till the listening seraphs wondered,
As its triumph pealed along.

Onward came they with rejoicing,
Bearing one upon their wings,
With their waving palms victorious,
To the presence-chamber glorious
Of the very King of kings.

And a whisper, clear and thrilling,
Fell upon her ravished ear—
'Lo, *thy* harvest song ascending!
Lo, *thy* golden sheaves are bending
Full and precious, round thee here!'

'Nay,' she said, 'I have no harvest,
For I had no power to sow;

Burdening others, daily dying,
Year by year in weakness lying,
Still and silent, lone and low.'

Then a flash of sudden glory
Lit her long life-mystery;
By that heavenly intuition
All the secret of her mission
Shone, revealed in radiancy.

And she knew the sweet memorials
Of her hidden life had shed
Glories on the sufferer's pillow,
Calmness on the darkling billow,
Peace upon the dying bed.

Thousand, thousand-fold her guerdon,
Thousand, thousand-fold her bliss!
While His cup of suffering sharing,
All His will so meekly bearing,
He was gloriously preparing
This for her, and her for this!

He that goeth forth and weepeth, seed of grace in sorrow bringing,
Laden with his sheaves of glory, doubtless shall return with singing.

V.

Our Blessings.

'Blessed be the God and Father of our Lord Jesus Christ, who hath blessed us with all spiritual blessings in heavenly places in Christ.'—EPH. i. 3.

EVERLASTING BLESSINGS.

'I know that whatsoever God doeth it shall be for ever.'—ECCLES. iii. 14.

O WHAT everlasting blessings God outpoureth on His own!
Ours by promise true and faithful, spoken from the eternal throne;
Ours by His eternal purpose ere the universe had place;
Ours by everlasting covenant, ours by free and royal grace.

With salvation everlasting He shall save us, He shall bless
With the largess of Messiah, everlasting righteousness;
Ours the everlasting mercy all His wondrous dealings prove;
Ours His everlasting kindness, fruit of everlasting love.

In the Lord Jehovah trusting, everlasting
strength have we;
He Himself our Sun, our Glory, Everlasting
Light shall be;
Everlasting life is ours, purchased by The
Life laid down;
And our heads, oft bowed and weary, ever-
lasting joy shall crown.

We shall dwell with Christ for ever, when the
shadows flee away,
In the everlasting glory of the everlasting
day.
Unto Thee, belovèd Saviour, everlasting
thanks belong,
Everlasting adoration, everlasting laud and
song!

—o—

ACCEPTED.

'Accepted in the Beloved.'—EPH. i. 6. 'Perfect in Christ Jesus.'—COL. i. 28. 'Complete in Him.'—COL. ii. 10.

ACCEPTED, Perfect, and Complete,
For God's inheritance made meet!
How true, how glorious, and how sweet!

In the Belovèd—by the King
Accepted, though not anything
But forfeit lives had we to bring.

And Perfect in Christ Jesus made,
On Him our great transgressions laid,
We in His righteousness arrayed.

Complete in Him, our glorious Head,
With Jesus raisèd from the dead,
And by His mighty Spirit led!

O blessèd Lord, is this for me?
Then let my whole life henceforth be
One Alleluia-song to Thee!

—o—

FRESH SPRINGS.

All my fresh springs shall be in Thee.'—Ps. lxxxvii. 7. (*Prayer Book Version.*)

HEAR the Father's ancient promise!
Listen, thirsty, weary one!
'I will pour My Holy Spirit
On Thy chosen seed, O Son.'
Promise to the Lord's Anointed,
Gift of God to Him for thee!
Now, by covenant appointed,
All thy springs in Him shall be.

Springs of life in desert places
Shall thy God unseal for thee;
Quickening and reviving graces,
Dew-like, healing, sweet and free.
Springs of sweet refreshment flowing,
When thy work is hard or long,
Courage, hope, and power bestowing,
Lightening labour with a song.

Springs of peace, when conflict heightens,
Thine uplifted eye shall see;
Peace that strengthens, calms, and brightens,
Peace, itself a victory.
Springs of comfort, strangely springing,
Through the bitter wells of woe;
Founts of hidden gladness, bringing
Joy that earth can ne'er bestow.

Thine, O Christian, is this treasure,
To Thy risen Head assured!
Thine in full and gracious measure,
Thine by covenant secured!
Now arise! His word possessing,
Claim the promise of the Lord;
Plead through Christ for showers of blessing,
Till the Spirit be outpoured!

FAITHFUL PROMISES.

New Year's Hymn.

Isa. xli. 10.

STANDING at the portal
Of the opening year,
Words of comfort meet us,
Hushing every fear.
Spoken through the silence
By our Father's voice,
Tender, strong, and faithful,
Making us rejoice.
Onward, then, and fear not,
Children of the Day!
For His word shall never,
Never pass away!

I, the Lord, am with thee,
Be thou not afraid!
I will help and strengthen,
Be thou not dismayed!
Yea, I will uphold thee
With My own Right Hand;

Thou art called and chosen
In my sight to stand.
Onward, then, and fear not,
Children of the Day!
For His word shall never,
Never pass away!

For the year before us,
Oh what rich supplies!
For the poor and needy
Living streams shall rise;
For the sad and sinful
Shall His grace abound;
For the faint and feeble
Perfect strength be found.
Onward, then, and fear not,
Children of the Day!
For His word shall never,
Never pass away!

He will never fail us,
He will not forsake;
His eternal covenant
He will never break!
Resting on His promise,
What have we to fear?

God is all-sufficient
For the coming year.
Onward, then, and fear not,
Children of the Day!
For His word shall never,
Never pass away!

—o—

THE FAITHFUL COMFORTER.

'The Holy Ghost—He is faithful.'—Heb. ix. 15, 23.

TO Thee, O Comforter Divine,
For all Thy grace and power benign,
Sing we Alleluia!

To Thee, whose faithful love had place
In God's great Covenant of Grace,
Sing we Alleluia!

To Thee, whose faithful voice doth win
The wandering from the ways of sin,
Sing we Alleluia!

To Thee, whose faithful power doth heal,
Enlighten, sanctify, and seal,
Sing we Alleluia!

To Thee, whose faithful truth is shown,
By every promise made our own,
Sing we Alleluia!

To Thee, our Teacher and our Friend,
Our faithful Leader to the end,
Sing we Alleluia!

To Thee, by Jesus Christ sent down,
Of all His gifts the sum and crown,
Sing we Alleluia!

To Thee, who art with God the Son
And God the Father ever One,
Sing we Alleluia! Amen!

—o—

UNDER HIS SHADOW.

(Communion Hymn.)

'I sat down under his shadow with great delight.'—CANT. ii. 3.

SIT down beneath His shadow,
And rest with great delight;
The faith that now beholds Him
Is pledge of future sight.

Our Master's love remember,
  Exceeding great and free;
Lift up thy heart in gladness,
  For He remembers thee.

Bring every weary burden,
  Thy sin, thy fear, thy grief;
He calls the heavy laden,
  And gives them kind relief.

His righteousness 'all glorious'
  Thy festal robe shall be;
And love that passeth knowledge
  His banner over thee.

A little while, though parted,
  Remember, wait, and love,
Until He comes in glory,
  Until we meet above.

Till in the Father's kingdom
  The heavenly feast is spread,
And we behold His beauty,
  Whose blood for us was shed!

—o—

COVENANT BLESSINGS.

'He hath made with me an everlasting covenant, ordered in all things and sure.'—2 SAM. xxiii. 5.

JEHOVAH'S Covenant shall endure,
All ordered, everlasting, sure!
O child of God, rejoice to trace
Thy portion in its glorious grace.

'Tis thine, for Christ is given to be
The Covenant of God to thee:
In Him, God's golden scroll of light,
The darkest truths are clear and bright.

O sorrowing sinner, well He knew,
Ere time began, what He would do!
Then rest thy hope within the veil;
His covenant mercies shall not fail.

O doubting one, the Eternal Three
Are pledged in faithfulness for thee;
Claim every promise, sweet and sure,
By covenant oath of God secure.

O waiting one, each moment's fall
Is marked by Love that planned them all;
Thy times, all ordered by His hand,
In God's eternal covenant stand.

O feeble one, look up and see
Strong consolation sworn for thee;
Jehovah's glorious arm is shown,
His covenant strength is all thine own.

O mourning one, each stroke of love
A covenant blessing yet shall prove;
His covenant love shall be thy stay;
His covenant grace be as thy day.

O Love that chose, O Love that died,
O Love that sealed and sanctified,
All glory, glory, glory be,
O covenant, Triune God, to Thee!

—o—

THE TRIUNE PRESENCE.

(Birthday or New Year's Hymn.)

'Certainly I will be with thee.'—Exod. iii. 12.

'CERTAINLY I will be with thee!'
Father, I have found it true:
To Thy faithfulness and mercy I would set
my seal anew.
All the year Thy grace hath kept me, Thou
my help indeed hast been,
Marvellous the loving-kindness every day and
hour hath seen.

'Certainly I will be with thee!' Let me feel it, Saviour dear,
Let me know that Thou art with me, very precious, very near.
On this day of solemn pausing, with Thyself all longing still,
Let Thy pardon, let Thy presence, let Thy peace my spirit fill.

'Certainly I will be with thee!' Blessèd Spirit, come to me,
Rest upon me, dwell within me, let my heart Thy temple be;
Through the trackless year before me, Holy One, with me abide!
Teach me, comfort me, and calm me, be my ever-present Guide.

'Certainly I will be with thee!' Starry promise in the night!
All uncertainties, like shadows, flee away before its light.
'Certainly I will be with thee!' He hath spoken: I have heard!
True of old, and true this moment, I will trust Jehovah's word.

VI.

Now and Afterward.

'Nevertheless, afterward.'—Heb. xii. 11.
'And afterward receive me to glory.'—Ps lxxiii. 24

NOW AND AFTERWARD.

NOW, the sowing and the weeping,
Working hard and waiting long;
Afterward, the golden reaping,
Harvest home and grateful song.

Now, the pruning, sharp, unsparing;
Scattered blossom, bleeding shoot!
Afterward, the plenteous bearing
Of the Master's pleasant fruit.

Now, the plunge, the briny burden,
Blind, faint gropings in the sea;
Afterward, the pearly guerdon
That shall make the diver free.

Now, the long and toilsome duty
Stone by stone to carve and bring;
Afterward, the perfect beauty
Of the palace of the King.

Now, the tuning and the tension,
Wailing minors, discord strong;
Afterward, the grand ascension
Of the Alleluia song.

Now, the spirit conflict-riven,
Wounded heart, unequal strife;
Afterward, the triumph given,
And the victor's crown of life.

Now, the training, strange and lowly,
Unexplained and tedious now;
Afterward, the service holy,
And the Master's 'Enter thou!'

—o—

'TEMPTED AND TRIED!'

'TEMPTED and tried!'
Oh! the terrible tide
May be raging and deep, may be wrathful and wide!
Yet its fury is vain,
For the Lord shall restrain;
And for ever and ever Jehovah shall reign.

'Tempted and tried!'
There is One at thy side,
And never in vain shall His children confide!
He shall save and defend,
For He loves to the end,
Adorable Master and glorious Friend!

'Tempted and tried!'
Whate'er may betide,
In His secret pavilion His children shall hide!
'Neath the shadowing wing
Of Eternity's King
His children shall trust and His servants shall sing.

'Tempted and tried!'
Yet the Lord shall abide
Thy faithful Redeemer, thy Keeper and Guide,
Thy Shield and thy Sword,
Thine exceeding Reward!
Then enough for the servant to be as his Lord!

'Tempted and tried!'
The Saviour who died
Hath called thee to suffer and reign by His side.

His cross thou shalt bear,
And His crown thou shalt wear,
And for ever and ever His glory shalt share.

—o—

NOT FORSAKEN.

Answer to an extremely beauitful but utterly melancholy sonnet, entitled 'Forsaken.'

OH, not forsaken! God gives better things
Than thou hast asked in thy forlornest hour.
Love's promises shall be fulfilled in power.
Not death, but life; not silence, but the strings
Of angel-harps; no deep, cold sea, but springs
Of living water; no dim, wearied sight,
Nor time, nor tear-mist, but the joy of light;
Not sleep, but rest that happy service brings;
And no forgotten name thy lot shall be
But God's remembrance. Thou canst never drift
Beyond His love. Would I could reach thee where
The shadows droop so heavily, and lift
The cold weight from thy life!—And if I care
For one unknown, oh how much more doth *HE!*

LISTENING IN DARKNESS— SPEAKING IN LIGHT.

What I tell you in darkness, that speak ye in light.'— MATT. x. 27.

HE hath spoken in the darkness,
In the silence of the night,
Spoken sweetly of the Father,
Words of life and love and light.
Floating through the sombre stillness
Came the loved and loving Voice,
Speaking peace and solemn gladness,
That His children might rejoice.
What He tells thee in the darkness,
Songs He giveth in the night—
Rise and speak it in the morning,
Rise and sing them in the light!

He hath spoken in the darkness,
In the silence of thy grief,
Sympathy so deep and tender,
Mighty for thy heart relief.
Speaking in thy night of sorrow
Words of comfort and of calm,
Gently on thy wounded spirit
Pouring true and healing balm.

What He tells thee in the darkness,
Weary watcher for the day,
Grateful lip and life should utter
When the shadows flee away.

He is speaking in the darkness,
Though thou canst not see His face,
More than angels ever needed,
Mercy, pardon, love, and grace.
Speaking of the many mansions,
Where, in safe and holy rest,
Thou shalt be with Him for ever,
Perfectly and always blest.
What He tells thee in the darkness,
Whispers through Time's lonely night,
Thou shalt speak in glorious praises,
In the everlasting light!

—o—

EVENING TEARS AND MORNING SONGS.

'Weeping may endure in the evening, but singing cometh in the morning.'—Ps. xxx. 5 (*Margin*).

IN the evening there is weeping,
Lengthening shadows, failing sight;
Silent darkness slowly creeping
Over all things dear and bright.

In the evening there is weeping,
Lasting all the twilight through;
Phantom shadows, never sleeping,
Wakening slumbers of the true.

In the morning cometh singing,
Cometh joy and cometh sight,
When the sun ariseth, bringing
Healing on his wings of light.

In the morning cometh singing,
Songs that ne'er in silence end,
Angel minstrels ever bringing
Praises new with thine to blend.

Are the twilight shadows casting
Heavy glooms upon thy heart?
Soon in radiance everlasting
Night for ever shall depart.

Art thou weeping, sad and lonely,
Through the evening of thy days?
All thy sighing shall be only
Prelude of more perfect praise.

Darkest hour is nearest dawning,
Solemn herald of the day;
Singing cometh in the morning,
God shall wipe thy tears away!

PEACEABLE FRUIT.

'Nevertheless, afterward it yieldeth the peaceable fruit of righteousness.'—HEB. xii. 11.

WHAT shall Thine 'afterward' be, O Lord,
For this dark and suffering night?
Father, *what* shall Thine 'afterward' be?
Hast Thou a morning of joy for me,
And a new and joyous light?

What shall Thine 'afterward' be, O Lord,
For the moan that I cannot stay?
Shall it issue in some new song of praise,
Sweeter than sorrowless heart could raise,
When the night hath passed away?

What shall Thine 'afterward' be, O Lord,
For this helplessness of pain?
A clearer view of my home above,
Of my Father's strength and my Father's love?
Shall this be my lasting gain?

What shall Thine 'afterward' be, O Lord?
How long must Thy child endure?

Thou knowest! 'Tis well that I know it not!
Thine 'afterward' cometh, I cannot tell what,
But I know that Thy word is sure.

What shall Thine 'afterward' be, O Lord?
I wonder and wait to see,
(While to Thy chastening Hand I bow,)
What 'peaceable fruit' may be ripening now,
Ripening fast for me!

—o—

RIGHT!

SCENE I.

THE summer sun was high and strong,
And dust was on the traveller's feet;
Oh weary was the stage and long,
And burning was the early heat!
There was a pause. For Ernest stood
Upon the borders of a wood.
Between him and his home it lay,
Stretching in mystery away.
What might be there he could not tell
Of briery steep, or mossy dell,
Of bog or brake, of glen or glade,
All hidden by the dim green shade.

He had not passed that way before,
And wonderingly he waited now,
While mystic voices, o'er and o'er,
Soft whispered on from bough to bough.
Oh, was it only wind and trees
That made such gentle whisperings?
Or was it some sweet spirit breeze
That bore a message on its wings,
And bid the traveller that day
Go forward on his woodland way?

How should he know? He had no clue,
And more than one fair opening lay
Before him, where the broad boughs threw
Cool, restful shade across the way.
Which should he choose? He could not trace
The onward track by vision keen;
The drooping branches interlace,
Not far the winding paths are seen.
Oh for a sign! Were choice not right,
Was no return, for well he knew
The hours were short, and swift the night;
Once entered, he must hasten through.

For what hath been can never be
As if it had not been at all;

We gaze, but never more can we
  Retrace one footstep's wavering fall.
Oh how we need from day to day
A guiding Hand for all the way;
Oh how we need from hour to hour
That faithful, ever-present Power!

Which should he choose? He pondered long,
  And with the sounds of bird and bee,
He blent an oft-repeated song,
  A soft and suppliant melody.

'Oh for a light from heaven,
  Clear and divine,
Now on the paths before me
  Brightly to shine!
Oh for a hand to beckon!
  Oh for a voice to say,
"Follow in firm assurance—
  This is the way!"

'Listening to mingling voices,
  Seeking a guiding hand,
Watching for light from heaven,
  Waiting I stand—
Onward and homeward pressing,
  Nothing my feet should stay,

Might I but plainly hear it,—
"This is the way!"'

Was it indeed an answer given,
That whisper through the tree-tops o'er
him?
Was it indeed a light from heaven,
That fell upon the path before him?
Or was it only that he met
The wayward playing of the breeze,
Parting the heavy boughs to let
The sunshine fall among the trees?
Again he listened—did it say,
'This is the onward, homeward way?'
Perhaps it did. He would not wait,
But pressing towards a Mansion Gate
That, yet unseen, all surely stood
Beyond the untried, unknown wood,
And trusting that his prayer was heard,
Although he caught no answering word,
And gazing on with calm, clear eye
The straightest, surest path to spy
(Not seeking out the smooth and bright,
If he might only choose the right),
With hopeful heart and manly tread,
Into the forest depths he sped.

SCENE II.

Hours flit on, and the sunshine fails in the zenith of day;
Hours flit on, and the loud wind crashes and moans o'er the ridge;
Heavily beateth the strong rain, lashing the miry clay,
Hoarsely roareth the torrent under the quivering bridge.

Under the shivering pine-trees, over the slippery stone,
Over the rugged boulder, over the cold wet weed,
Ernest the traveller passeth, storm-beaten, weary and lone,
Only following faintly whither the path may lead.

Leading down to the valleys, dank in the shadow of death,
Leading on through the briers, poisonous, keen and sore;
Leading up to the grim rocks, mounted with panting breath,
Only to gain a glimpse of sterner toil before.

Faint and wounded and bleeding, hungry, thirsty and chill,
Hardly a step before him seen through the tangled brake,
Rougher and wilder the storm-blast, steeper the thorn-grown hill,
Brave heart and bright eye and strong limb, well may they quiver and ache!

Was it indeed the *right* way? Was it a God-led choice,
Followed in faith and patience, and chosen not for ease?
Was it a false, false gleam, and a mocking, mocking voice
That fell on the woodland pathway, and murmured among the trees?

Oh the dire mistake! fatal freedom to choose!
Had he but taken a fair path, sheltered, level and straight,
Never a thorn to wound him, never a stone to bruise,
Leading safely and softly on to the Mansion Gate!

Was it the wail of a wind-harp, cadencing
weird and long,
Pulsing under the pine-trees, dying to wake
again?
Is it the voice of a brave heart striving to utter
in song
Agony, prayer and reliance, courage and
wonder and pain?

'Onward and homeward ever,
Battling with dark distress,
Faltering, but yielding never,
Still shall my faint feet press.
Why was no beckoning hand
Sent in my doubt and need?
Why did no true guide stand
Guiding me right indeed?
Why? They will tell me all
When I have reached the gate,
Where, in the shining hall,
Many my coming wait.

'Oh the terrible night,
Falling without a star!
Darkness anear, but light—
Glorious light afar.

Oh the perilous way!
Oh the pitiless blast!
Long though I suffer and stray,
There will be rest at last.
Perhaps I have far to go!
Perhaps but a little way!
Well that I do not know!
Onward! I must not stay.

'Splinter and thorn and brier
Yet may be sore and keen;
Rocks may be rougher and higher,
Hollows more chill between.
There may be torrents to cross,
Bridgeless, and fierce with foam;
Rest in the wild wood were loss,
There will be rest at home.
Battling with dark distress,
Faltering, but yielding never,
Still shall my faint feet press
Onward and homeward ever!'

Pulsing under the pine-trees, dying, dying,—
and gone,—
Gone that Æolian cadence, silent the firm
refrain;

Only the howl of the storm-wind rages cruelly on;
Has the traveller fallen, vanquished by toil and pain?

SCENE III.

Morning, morning on the mountains, golden-vestured, snowy-browed!
Morning light of clear resplendence, shining forth without a cloud;
Morning songs of jubilation, thrilling through the crystal air;
Morning joy upon all faces, new and radiant, pure and fair.

At the portals of the mansion, Ernest stands and gazes back.
There is light upon the river, light upon the forest track;
Light upon the darkest valley, light upon the sternest height;
Light upon the brake and bramble, everywhere that glorious light!

Strong and joyous stands the traveller, in the morning glory now,
Not a shade upon the brightness of the cool and peaceful brow;

Not a trace of weary faintness, not a touch of
lingering pain,
Not a scar to wake the memory of the suffering
hours again.

Onward by the winding pathway, many another
journeyed fast,
Hastening to the princely mansion by the way
that he had passed;
Spared the doubting and the erring by those
footsteps bravely placed
In the clogging mire, or trampling on the
wounding bramble-waste.

Some had followed close behind him, pressing
to the selfsame mark,
Cheered and guided by the refrain of that
singer in the dark;
Some were near him in the tempest, while he
thought himself alone,
And regained a long-lost pathway, following
that beckoning tone.

Some who patiently, yet feebly, sought to
reach that mansion too,
Caught the unseen singer's courage, battled on
with vigour new;

Some, exhausted in the struggle, sunk in slumber chill and deep,
Started at that strange voice near them, rousing from their fatal sleep.

Now they meet and gather round him, and together enter in,
Where the rest is consummated and the joys of home begin,
Where the tempest cannot reach them, where the wanderings are past,
Where the sorrows of the journey not a single shadow cast.

Singing once in dismal forest, singing once in cruel storm,
Singing now at home in gladness in the sunshine bright and warm,
Once again the voice resoundeth, pouring forth a happy song,
While a chorus of rejoicing swells the sweet notes full and long.

'Light after darkness,
Gain after loss,
Strength after suffering,
Crown after cross.

Sweet after b
Song after
Home after w
Praise after

'Sheaves after
Sun after r
Sight after m
Peace after
Joy after sorr
Calm after
Rest after we
Sweet rest

'Near after di
Gleam afte
Love after lo
Life after t
After long ag
Rapture of
Right was th
Leading to

—v—

THE COL DE BALM.

SUNSHINE and silence on the Col de Balm!
I stood above the mists, above the rush
Of all the torrents, when one marvellous hush
Filled God's great mountain temple, vast and calm,
With hallelujah light, a seen though silent psalm:—

Crossed with one discord, only one. For Love
Cried out, and would be heard. 'If ye were here,
O friends, so far away and yet so near,
Then were the anthem perfect!' And the cry
Threaded the concords of that Alpine harmony.

Not vain the same fond cry if first I stand
Upon the mountain of our God, and long,
Even in the glory, and with His new song
Upon my lips, that you should come and share
The bliss of heaven, imperfect still till all are there.

Dear ones! shall it be mine to watch you come
Up from the shadows and the valley mist,
To tread the jacinth and the amethyst,
To rest and sing upon the stormless height,
In the deep calm of love and everlasting light?

—o—

'EYE HATH NOT SEEN.'

'YOU never write of heaven,
Though you write of heavenly themes;
You never paint the glory
But in reflected gleams!'
My pencil only pictures
What I have known and seen:
How can I tell the joys that dwell
Where I have never been?

I sing the songs of Zion,
But I would never dare
To imitate the chorus,
Like many waters, there.
I sketch the sunny landscape,
But can I paint the sun?
Can that by art, which human heart
Conceiveth not, be won?

The Laplander that never
Hath left his flowerless snows,
Might make another realize
The fragrance of the rose:
The blind might teach his brother
Each subtle tint to know,
Of lovely lights and summer sights,
Of shadow and of glow.

To whom all sound is silence,
The dumb man might impart
The spirit-winging marvels
Of Handel's sacred art.
But never, sister, never,
Was told by mortal breath,
What they behold, o'er whom hath rolled
The one dark wave of death.

Yet angel-echoes reach us,
Borne on from star to star,
And glimpses of our purchased home,
Not always faint and far.
No harp seraphic brings them,
No poet's glowing word,
By One alone revealed and known—
The Spirit of the Lord.

Have we not bent in sadness
  Before the mercy-seat,
And longed with speechless longing
  To kiss the Master's feet?
And though for precious ointment
  We had but tears to bring,
We let them flow, and could not go
  Till we had seen our King.

Then came a flash of seeing
  How every cloud should pass,
And vision should be perfect,
  Undimmed by darkling glass.
The glory that excelleth
  Shone out with sudden ray,
We seemed to stand so near 'the land'
  No longer 'far away'—

The glisten of the white robe,
  The waving of the palm,
The ended sin and sorrow,
  The sweet eternal calm,
The holy adoration
  That perfect love shall bring,
And, face to face, in glorious grace,
  The beauty of the King!

Oh, this is more than poem,
And more than the highest song;
A witness with our spirit,
Though hidden, full and strong.
'Tis no new revelation
Vouchsafed to saint or sage,
But light from God cast bright and broad
Upon the sacred page.

Our fairest dream can never
Outshine that holy light,
Our noblest thought can never soar
Beyond that Word of might.
Our whole anticipation,
Our Master's best reward,
Our crown of bliss,—is summed in this—
'For ever with the Lord!

VII.

The Church of Christ.

'Whom He did predestinate, them He also called; and whom He called, them He also justified; and whom He justified, them He also glorified.'—ROM. viii. 30.

I. CHOSEN.
II. CALLED.
III. JUSTIFIED.
IV. SANCTIFIED.
V. JOINED TO CHRIST.
VI. PRESENTED FAULTLESS.
VII. GLORIFIED.

I.

CHOSEN IN CHRIST.

'He hath chosen us in Him before the foundation of the world.'—EPH. i. 4.

O THOU chosen Church of Jesus, glorious, blessèd, and secure,
Founded on the One Foundation, which for ever shall endure;
Not thy holiness or beauty can thy strength and safety be,
But the everlasting love wherewith Jehovah lovèd thee.

Chosen—by His own good pleasure, by the counsel of His will,
Mystery of power and wisdom working for His people still;
Chosen—in thy mighty Saviour, ere one ray of quickening light
Beamed upon the chaos, waiting for the Word of sovereign might.

Chosen—through the Holy Spirit, through the
sanctifying grace
Poured upon His precious vessels, meetened
for the heavenly place;
Chosen—to show forth His praises, to be holy
in His sight;
Chosen—unto grace and glory, chosen unto
life and light.

Blessèd be the God and Father of our Saviour
Jesus Christ,
Who hath blessed us with such blessings all
uncounted and unpriced!
Let our high and holy calling, and our strong
salvation be,
Theme of never-ending praises, God of sove-
reign grace, to Thee!

—o—

II.

CALLED.

'Partakers of the heavenly calling.'—HEB. iii. 1.

HOLY brethren, called and chosen by the
sovereign Voice of Might,
See your high and holy calling out of darkness
into light!

Called according to His purpose and the
riches of His love ;
Won to listen by the leading of the gentle
heavenly Dove !

Called to suffer with our Master, patiently to
run His race ;
Called a blessing to inherit, called to holiness
and grace ;
Called to fellowship with Jesus, by the Ever-
Faithful One ;
Called to His eternal glory, to the kingdom of
His Son.

Whom He calleth He preserveth, and His
glory they shall see ;
He is faithful that hath called you ; He will
do it, fear not ye !
Therefore, holy brethren, onward ! thus ye
make your calling sure ;
For the prize of this high calling, bravely to
the end endure.

—o—

III.

JUSTIFIED.

'This is the name wherewith she shall be called, The Lord our Righteousness.'—JER. xxxiii. 16.

ISRAEL of God, awaken! Church of Christ, arise and shine!
Mourning garb and soilèd raiment henceforth be no longer thine!
For the Lord thy God hath clothed thee with a new and glorious dress,
With the garments of salvation, with the robe of righteousness.

By the grace of God the Father, thou art freely justified,
Through the great redemption purchased by the blood of Him who died;
By His life, for thee fulfilling God's command exceeding broad,
By His glorious resurrection, seal and signet of thy God.

Therefore, justified for ever by the faith which He hath given,
Peace, and joy, and hope abounding, smooth *thy* trial path to heaven:

Unto Him betrothed for ever, who thy life
shall crown and bless,
By His name thou shalt be called, Christ,
'The Lord our Righteousness!'

—o—

IV.

SANCTIFIED.

'Sanctified in Christ Jesus.'—1 Cor. i. 2.

CHURCH of God, beloved and chosen,
Church of Christ, for whom He died,
Claim thy gifts and praise thy Giver!—'*Ye
are washed and sanctified.*'
Sanctified by God the Father, and by Jesus
Christ His Son,
And by God the Holy Spirit, Holy, Holy
Three in One.

By His will He sanctifieth, by the Spirit's
power within;
By the loving Hand that chasteneth fruits of
righteousness to win;
By His truth and by His promise, by the
Word, His gift unpriced,
By His own blood, and by union with the
risen life of Christ.

Holiness by faith in Jesus, not by effort of
thine own,—
Sin's dominion crushed and broken by the
power of grace alone,—
God's own holiness within thee, His own
beauty on Thy brow,—
This shall be Thy pilgrim brightness, this thy
blessèd portion now.

He will sanctify thee wholly; body, spirit,
soul shall be
Blameless till thy Saviour's coming in His
glorious majesty!
He hath perfected for ever those whom He
hath sanctified;
Spotless, glorious and holy, is the Church, His
chosen Bride.

—*o*—

V.

JOINED TO CHRIST.

'Head over all things to the church, which is His body.'—EPH. i. 22, 23.

JOINED to Christ in mystic union,
We Thy members, Thou our Head,
Sealed by deep and true communion,
Risen with Thee, who once were dead—

Saviour, we would humbly claim
All the power of this Thy name.

Instant sympathy to brighten
All their weakness and their woe,
Guiding grace their way to lighten,
Shall Thy loving members know;
All their sorrows Thou dost bear,
All Thy gladness they shall share.

Make Thy members every hour
For Thy blessèd service meet;
Earnest tongues, and arms of power,
Skilful hands, and hastening feet,
Ever ready to fulfil
All Thy word and all Thy will.

Everlasting life Thou givest,
Everlasting love to see;
They shall live because Thou livest,
And their life is hid with Thee.
Safe Thy members shall be found,
When their glorious Head is crowned!

—o—

VI.

PRESENTED FAULTLESS.

'Behold I and the children which God hath given Me.'
—Heb. ii. 13.

OUR Saviour and our King,
Enthroned and crowned above,
Shall with exceeding gladness bring
The children of His love.

All that the Father gave
His glory shall behold;
Not one whom Jesus came to save
Is missing from His fold.

He shall confess His own
From every clime and coast,
Before His Father's glorious throne,
Before the angel host.

'O righteous Father, see,
In spotless robes arrayed,
Thy chosen gifts of love to Me,
Before the worlds were made.

'By new creation Thine,
By purpose and by grace,

By right of full redemption Mine,
Faultless before Thy face.

'As Thou hast lovèd Me,
So hast Thou lovèd them;
Thy precious jewels they shall be,
My glorious diadem!'

—o—

VII.

GLORIFIED.

'The God of all grace, who hath called you unto His eternal glory by Christ Jesus . . . to Him be glory.'—1 PET. v. 10, 11.

SOVEREIGN Lord and gracious Master,
Thou didst freely choose Thine own,
Thou hast called with mighty calling,
Thou wilt save, and keep from falling;
Thine the glory, Thine alone!
Yet Thy hand shall crown in heaven
All the grace Thy love hath given;
Just, though undeserved, reward
From our glorious, gracious Lord.

From the martyr and apostle
To the sainted baby boy,

Every consecrated chalice
In the King of Glory's palace
  Overflows with holy joy.
    Sovereign choice of gift and dower,
    Differing honour, differing power,—
    Yet are all alike in this,
    Perfect love and perfect bliss.

In those heavenly constellations
  Lo! what differing glories meet;
Stars of radiance soft and tender,
Stars of full and dazzling splendour,
  All in God's own light complete;
    Brightest they whose holy feet,
    Faithful to His service sweet,
    Nearest to their Master trod,
    Winning wandering souls to God.

Oh the rapture of that vision!
  (Every earthly passion o'er),
Our Redeemer's coronation,
And the blissful exaltation
  Of the dear ones gone before.
    Grace that shone for Christ below,
    Changed to glory we shall know;
    And before His unveiled face
    Sing the glory of His grace.

VIII.

Lights and Shadows of Spring-time.

THE MESSAGE OF AN ÆOLIAN HARP.

'GOOD-BYE, my mother!'
The brown-haired boy, with merry reverence,
Turned from the window where she leant, to meet
His holiday companions, blithely bound,
With bat and ball for healthy English sport.
She watched his lithesome form, so slight yet strong,
Till, passing from the gate, he waved his cap
And vanished. Then she sighed.
Beside her sat
A friend of years. A different portrait each
Who knew her would have drawn, for different traits
Shone out in turns as sympathetic gleams
Fell on them or flashed out. And few could tell
The colour of her eyes, or grey or brown,

As all his comrades know, but true heart too,
As you alone know fully. Well for him
That he has such a heart to meet his own,
And well for you; for 'tis a blessèd gift,
Not shared by all alike—the power to love:
And not less blessèd for proportioned pain,
Its fiery seal, its royal crown of thorns.'

'So seems it, Beatrice, to you, who find
No lurking danger in its concentration,
Because you have so many near and dear.
Not so to me. I tremble when I think
How much I love him; but I turn away
From thinking of it, just to love him more;—
Indeed, I fear, too much.'

'Dear Eleanor,
Do you love him as much as Christ loves us?
Let your lips answer me.'

'Why ask me, dear?
Our hearts are finite, Christ is infinite.'

'Then, till you reach the standard of that love,
Let neither fears nor well-meant warning voice
Distress you with "too much." For HE hath said—
How much—and who shall dare to change His measure?—
"*That ye should love* AS *I have* lovèd *you.*"

Because the hue was lost in light or shade;
Nor if her mouth were large or small, because
The play of thought made visible was there,
Like shifting rainbows on white foam. Her hair
Was dark, and she was rather tall: and this
Was all in which most people would agree.
Not always sigh for sigh or smile for smile
She gave; for now and then fine tact of heart
Suggests an opposite as best response,
Completing by contrasting, like a scarlet flower
With soft green leaves. So with her rippling voice,
Like waters that now murmur low, now leap
In spray-like laughter, Beatrice replied
To Eleanor's slow sigh:—
'When he comes home,
How full of cricket stories he will be!
'Tis most amusing when he gives accounts,
Sparkling with boyish wit, yet earnestly,
As if an empire hung upon the match:
Only one needs a glossary of terms!
How well he knows the interest with which
You hear! I mark, he intersperses all
With rough pet names, shy veils of tenderness
For his dear mother. Eleanor, I think
Your Hubert has not merely head and hand,

As all his comrades know, but true heart too,
As you alone know fully. Well for him
That he has such a heart to meet his own,
And well for you; for 'tis a blessèd gift,
Not shared by all alike—the power to love:
And not less blessèd for proportioned pain,
Its fiery seal, its royal crown of thorns.'
'So seems it, Beatrice, to you, who find
No lurking danger in its concentration,
Because you have so many near and dear.
Not so to me. I tremble when I think
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From thinking of it, just to love him more;—
Indeed, I fear, too much.'
'Dear Eleanor,
Do you love him as much as Christ loves us?
Let your lips answer me.'
'Why ask me, dear?
Our hearts are finite, Christ is infinite.'
'Then, till you reach the standard of that love,
Let neither fears nor well-meant warning voice
Distress you with "too much." For HE hath said—
How much—and who shall dare to change His measure?—
"*That ye should love* AS *I have* lovèd *you.*"

Because the hue was lost in light or shade;
Nor if her mouth were large or small, because
The play of thought made visible was there,
Like shifting rainbows on white foam. Her hair
Was dark, and she was rather tall: and this
Was all in which most people would agree.
Not always sigh for sigh or smile for smile
She gave; for now and then fine tact of heart
Suggests an opposite as best response,
Completing by contrasting, like a scarlet flower
With soft green leaves. So with her rippling voice,
Like waters that now murmur low, now leap
In spray-like laughter, Beatrice replied
To Eleanor's slow sigh:—
'When he comes home,
How full of cricket stories he will be!
'Tis most amusing when he gives accounts,
Sparkling with boyish wit, yet earnestly,
As if an empire hung upon the match:
Only one needs a glossary of terms!
How well he knows the interest with which
You hear! I mark, he intersperses all
With rough pet names, shy veils of tenderness
For his dear mother. Eleanor, I think
Your Hubert has not merely head and hand,

As all his comrades know, but true heart too,
As you alone know fully. Well for him
That he has such a heart to meet his own,
And well for you; for 'tis a blessèd gift,
Not shared by all alike—the power to love:
And not less blessèd for proportioned pain,
Its fiery seal, its royal crown of thorns.'
'So seems it, Beatrice, to you, who find
No lurking danger in its concentration,
Because you have so many near and dear.
Not so to me. I tremble when I think
How much I love him; but I turn away
From thinking of it, just to love him more;—
Indeed, I fear, too much.'
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Oh, sweet command, that goes so far beyond
The mightiest impulse of the tenderest heart!
A bare permission had been much; but He,
Who knows our yearnings and our fearfulness,
Chose graciously to *bid* us do the thing
That makes our earthly happiness, and set
A limit that we need not fear to pass,
Because we cannot. Oh the breadth, and length,
And depth, and height of love that passeth knowledge!
Yet Jesus said, "AS I have lovèd you."'
'O Beatrice, I long to feel the sunshine
That this should bring; but there are other words
Which fall in chill eclipse. 'Tis written, "Keep
Yourselves from idols." How shall I obey?'
'Dear, not by loving less, but loving more.
It is not that we love our precious ones
Too much, but God too little. As the lamp
A miner bears upon his shadowed brow,
Is only dazzling in the grimy dark,
And has no glare against the summer sky,
So, set the tiny torch of our best love
In the great sunshine of the Love of God,
And, though full fed and fanned, it casts no shade

And dazzles not, o'erflowed with mightier
light.'
She watched, in hope to see the pale lips
curve
More peacefully in answer to her words.
But Eleanor's quick spirit bridged too soon
The gap between one ridge of anxious thought
And that beyond, to see the glen between,
Where pastures green and waters still were
spread.
So, answering not her friend's thought, but
her own,
She said, ''Tis but half true that love is power,
'Tis sometimes weakness.'
'Nay! You have not found
It thus at all. See how the bold bright boy,
Wilful and wayward else, will follow prompt
The magnet of your wish, with sudden swerve
From his own bent or fancy.'
'That is true,
And oh, so sweet to me! But by the power
I gauge the weakness. Beatrice, your heart
Has ached with longing for some stranger soul
That it might flee from danger to the One,
The Only Refuge; you have felt keen pain
In calling those who will not come to Him
Who waits to give them life; but I, *I* strive

For one far more than all the world to me,—
My boy, my only one, and fatherless,
Just entering the labyrinth of life
Without its only clue, with nothing but
My feeble hand to shield from powers of ill.
'His mind is opening fast, and I have tried
To show the excellency of the knowledge
Of Jesus Christ our Lord; he listens well,
To please his mother, whom he would not grieve;
But never pulse of interest I feel,
And echoless the name of Jesus falls,
While classic heroes stir him with delight.
My boy, my only one! I taught him words,
When years ago his tiny feet peeped out
From the white nightgown in the nursery hush;
And folding firm the busy little hands,
He lisped "Our Father." But *words* are not *prayer.*
I put the lamp of life in his small hand,
Filling his memory with shining truths
And starry promises. He learnt them all
For love of me, just as he would have learnt
Some uncouth string of barbarous names,
Had I so wished: no more. They are no light
To him, no strength, no joy. O Beatrice,

'Tis this that presses on my weary heart,
And makes it more than widowed. For I know
That he who is not lost, but gone before,
Is only waiting till I come; for death
Has only parted us a little while,
And has not severed e'en the finest strand
In the eternal cable of our love:
The very strain has twined it closer still,
And added strength. The music of his life
Is nowise stilled, but blended so with songs
Around the throne of God, that our poor ears
No longer hear it. Hubert's life is mute
As yet; and what if all my tuning fail!'
And Eleanor looked up among the clouds
With weary, wistful eyes, while Beatrice
Sent a far-passing glance beyond them all,
Beyond the sunshine too.
A sudden smile
Rose from within and overflowed her lips
And made them beautiful. Poor Eleanor
Deemed it the herald of some happy thought,
Some message, it might be, from God to her,
Wrapped in the simple words of friend to friend.
We do not always know it when we have
The privilege to be God's messengers,

Nor who shall be His messengers to us.
Unconsciously a pale responsive smile
Gleamed out to welcome it, and hardly waned
As unexpected change of subject came.
'I did not tell you, did I, of my gift,
My beautiful Æolian harp?'
'Oh no!
I was too full of mine, my boy, and you
Too full of ready sympathy with me.'
'Nay, do not say "*too* full," that could not be,
Yours is so great a gift, so great a care!
I shall not tire of thinking with you thus,
Until I do not love you, which means never.
But as we turn from gazing on the sea
To lift admiringly a tiny shell,
So you shall turn from your great interest
To hear of my Æolian treasure now.
Say, have you ever seen one?'
'Never, dear;
But visible, and almost audible,
Your words shall make it.'
'There's not much to see
Two plain smooth boards, one thick, one very thin,
With seven tensioned strings upon the under
Just covered by the upper, and a space

That you might lay a finger in between.
Yet one can almost reverence the thing
For very marvel at its spirit tones
And mysteries of music, that we love
But cannot understand.'

'But tell me more,
Dear Beatrice: what is its music like?
Whence comes it? and what does it say to you?'

''Tis easier to answer what and whence
Than your third question, for not twice
I hear the same soul-message from its strings.
But I will tell you of the first it brought;
Your heart will follow mine, and trace the under-thought.

I.

'A friend, a kind, dear friend
Gave me this harp, that should be all my own,
That it might speak to me in twilight lone
When other sounds were fled; that it might send
Sweet messages of calming, cheering might,
Sweet sudden thrills of strange and exquisite delight.

II.

'Upon the strings I laid my hand,
And all were tuned in unison; one tone
Was yielded by the seven, one alone,
In quick obedience to my touch-command.
It could not be that this was all he meant
Of promised music, when my little harp was sent.

III.

'To win the tones I found the way
In his own letter, mine before the gift:
"You cannot wake its music till you lift
The closèd sash. Take up and gently lay
Your harp where it may meet the freshening air,
Then wait and listen." This I did, and left it there.

IV.

'I waited till the sun had set,
And twilight fell upon the autumn sea;
I watched, and saw the north wind touch a tree,
Dark outlined on the paling gold, and yet

My harp was mute. I cried, "Awake, O north!
Come to my harp, and call its answering music forth."

V.

'Like stars that tremble into light
Out of the purple dark, a low, sweet note
Just trembled out of silence, antidote
To any doubt; for never finger might
Produce that note, so different, so new:
Melodious pledge that all he promised should come true.

VI.

'It seemed to die; but who could say
Whether or when it passed the border-line
'Twixt sound and silence? for no ear so fine
That it can trace the subtle shades away;
Like prism-rays prolonged beyond our ken,
Like memories that fade, we know not how or when.

VII.

'Then strange vibrations rose and fell,
Like far sea-murmurs blending in a dream
With madrigals, whose fairy singers seem
Now near, now distant; and a curfew bell,

Whose proper tone in one air-filling crowd
Of strong harmonics hides, as in a dazzling cloud.

VIII.

'Then delicately twining falls
Of silvery chords, that quiver with sweet pain,
And melt in tremulous minors, mount again,
Brightening to fullest concords, calm recalls,
And measured pulsings, soft and sweet and slow,
Which emphasizing touch love's quiet underglow.

IX.

'A silence. Then a solemn wail,
Swelling far up among the harmonies,
And shattering the crystal melodies
To fleeting fragments glisteringly pale,
Yet only to combine them all anew
By resolutions strange, yet always sweet and true.

X.

'Anon a thrill of all the strings;
And then a flash of music, swift and bright,
Like a first throb of weird Auroral light,
Then crimson coruscations from the wings

Of the Pole-Spirit; then ecstatic beat,
As if an angel-host went forth on shining feet.

XI.

'Soon passed the sounding starlit march,
And then one swelling note grew full and long,
While, like a far-off old cathedral song,
Through dreamy length of echoing aisle and arch,
Float softest harmonies around, above,
Like flowing chordal robes of blessing and of love.

XII.

'Thus, while the holy stars did shine
And listen, these Æolian marvels breathed;
While love and peace and gratitude enwreathed
With rich delight in one fair crown were mine.
The wind that bloweth where it listeth brought
This glory of harp-music,—not my skill or thought.'

She ceased. Then Eleanor looked up,
And said, 'O Beatrice, I too have tried
My finger-skill in vain. But opening now
My window, like wise Daniel, I will set
My little harp therein, and listening wait
The breath of heaven, the Spirit of our God.'

—o—

BABY'S TURN!

TINY feet so busy in a tiny patter out of sight,
Little hands escaping from protecting doily white,
One in lifted eagerness, and one that grasps the baby chair,—
All impatience! Baby darling, must not sister have a share?

Only just a moment, dearie; coming, coming! don't be vexed!
Only just a moment, darling, then we'll see whose turn is next!
Ah, she knows as well as we do! Baby's turn is come at last;
Now the little mouth may open; gently, gently, not too fast!

Baby's turn! To-day 'tis only for the fruit
so nice and sweet,
But a far-away to-morrow hastens on with
silent feet;
When the yesterdays of life are clearest in our
dimming gaze,
Baby's vision will be filled with brightly rea-
lized to-days.

Baby's turn for fair unfolding in the sunny
girlhood time,
For the blossom and the breezes, for the carol
and the chime;
Baby's turn to wear the crown of womanhood
upon her brow,
Heavier but nobler than the fairy gold which
glitters now.

Baby's turn to care for others, and to kiss away
the tear,
For the joy of ministration to the suffering or
the dear,
For the happiness of giving help and com-
fort, love and life,
Whether walking all alone, or as a blessed
and blessing wife.

Baby's turn for this and more, if God should
give her length of days ;—
For the calmness of experience and the re-
trospect of praise,
For the silver trace of sorrows glistening in
the sunset ray,
For the evening stillness falling on the turmoil
of the day.

What though Baby's turn may come for bitter
griefs and wearing fears !
Love shall lighten every trial, — love that
prays and love that hears.
See ! she watches and she wonders till the
reverie is o'er ;
Did she think she was forgotten ? Now 'tis
Baby's turn once more !

—o—

THE CHILDREN'S TRIUMPH.

THE Sunbeams came to my window,
And said, 'Come out and see
The sparkle on the river,
The blossom on the tree !'

But never a moment parleyed I
With the bright-haired Sunbeams' call!
Though their dazzling hands on the leaf they laid,
I drew it away to the curtain-shade,
Where a sunbeam could not fall.

The Robins came to my window,
And said, 'Come out and sing!
Come out and join the chorus
Of the festival of the Spring!'
But never a carol would I trill
In the festival of May;
But I sat alone in my shadowy room,
And worked away in its quiet gloom,
And the Robins flew away.

The Children came to my window,
And said, 'Come out and play!
Come out with us in the sunshine,
'Tis such a glorious day!'
Then never another word I wrote,
And my desk was put away!
When the Children called me, what could I do?
The Robins might fail, and the Sunbeams too,
But the Children won the day.

THE FIRST SMILE.

A SMILE, a smile, my darling,
After the weeks of pain;
The restless eye, the shaded brow
Lit with a welcome brightness now,
The first sweet smile again!

A smile, a smile, my darling!
Not many days ago
We hailed the first fair snowdrop white,
Pale and sweet in the early light,
After the frost and snow.

More welcome than the snowdrop,
More gladdening than the sun,
The pale sweet smile that dawned at last,
Although so faint, and fleeting fast,
Although the only one.

We hail it as the herald
Of sunny summer days,
Of blessings for our darling boy,
Of peaceful love, and thankful joy,
And fuller note of praise.

THE SUNDAY BOOK.

READ to him, Connie, read as you sit,
Cosy and warm in the great arm-chair,
Let your hand press lovingly, lightly there,
Let the gentle touch of your sunny hair
Over his cheek like a soft breeze flit.

Read to him, Connie! The house is still,
The week-day lessons, the week-day play,
And the week-day worries are hushed away
In the golden calm of the Holy Day;
He will listen now if ever he will.

Read to him, Connie, read while you may!
For the years will pass, and he must go
Out in the cold world's treacherous flow,
Danger and trial and evil to know,—
He may drift in the dark, far, far away!

Now he is happy and safe in the nest,
Teach him to warble the songs of home,
Teach him to soar but never to roam,
Only to soar to a starry dome
Linking with heaven the hearts he loves best.

Read to him, Connie! Read what you love,
Holy and sweet be your Sabbath choice;
And the music that dwells in a sister's voice
Shall lure him to listen while angels rejoice,
As the soft tones blend with the harps above.

Read to him, Connie! Read of the ONE
Who loves him most, yes, more than you!
Read of that love, so great, so true,
Love everlasting, yet ever new;
For who can tell but his heart may be won!

Read to him, Connie! For it may be
That your Sunday book, like a silver bar
Of steady light from a guiding star,
May gleam in memory, clear and far,
Across the waves of a wintry sea.

—o—

AMY.

'I have loved you, saith the Lord.'—MAL. i. 2.

AMY, this thy promise be,
Marvellous and sweet and free,
'Yea, the Lord hath loved thee.'

H e hath loved thee, and He knows
A ll thy fears and all thy foes;
V ictor thou shalt surely be
E ver through His love to thee.
R est in quiet joy on this,—
G reater love hath none than His:
A nd may this thy life-song be,
L ove to Him that loveth thee!

—o—

'*IT IS WELL WITH THE CHILD.*'*

ONLY one dark December time,
With chill and gloomy hours;
And *now*—the 'everlasting spring,'
The 'never-withering flowers.'

Only one week of weary pains,
With suffering oppressed;
And *now*—the Sabbath that remains,
God's everlasting rest.

* In memory of J. S., who fell asleep December 6, 1870, aged seven months. The day before his death he fixed his eyes upon his mother with a long gaze of wonderful intelligence and love, and after repeated effort, uttered distinctly the 'one word'—'Mamma!'

Only one word of earthly speech,
The sweetest and the first;
And *now*—the songs that angels sing
From baby lips have burst.

Only one journey, fondly borne
In arms of tenderest love;
And *now*—no wanderings more for him,
Safe in the home above.

Yes, safe for ever, safe and blest,
Where they 'go no more out;'
With Jesus, whom he never grieved
By any sin or doubt.

Not preluded by tearful prayer,
His happy praise shall swell,
And joy of 'welcome' shall be his
Who never knew 'farewell.'

—o—

AT HOME TO-NIGHT.

I.

THE lessons are done and the prizes won,
And the counted weeks are past;
O the holiday joys of the girls and boys
Who are 'home to-night' at last!

O the ringing beat of the springing feet,
As into the hall they rush!
O the tender bliss of the first home kiss,
With its moment of fervent hush!
So much to tell and to hear as well,
As they gather around the glow!
Who would not part, for the joy of heart
That only the parted can know—
At home to-night!

II.

But all have not met, there are travellers yet
Speeding along through the dark,
By tunnel and bridge, past river and ridge,
To the distant, yet nearing mark.
But hearts are warm, for the winter storm
Has never a chill for love:
And faces are bright in the flickering light
Of the small dim lamp above.
And voices of gladness rise over the madness
Of the whirl and the rush and the roar,
For rapid and strong it bears them along
To a home and an open door—
Yes, home to-night!

III.

O home to-night, yes, home to-night,
  Through the pearly gate and the open door!
Some happy feet on the golden street
  Are entering now to 'go out no more.'
For the work is done and the rest begun,
  And the training time is for ever past,
And the home of rest in the mansions blest
  Is safely, joyously reached at last.
O the love and light in that home to-night!
  O the songs of bliss and the harps of gold!
O the glory shed on the new-crowned head!
  O the telling of love that can ne'er be told—
O the welcome that waits at the shining gates,
  For those who are following far, yet near;
When all shall meet at His glorious feet
  In the light and the love of His home so dear!
    Yes, 'home to-night!'

NOTE. — These verses, written a few days before Christmas, were suggested by the remark of a young friend, after picturing the merry 'breaking up' of her old schoolfellows,—'They will all be at home to-night.' The thought arose—'Perhaps some of Christ's little ones, who have been learning in His school, may be reaching His home to-night!' And while the third stanza was being written, a telegram came bearing the sad and unexpected tidings that a dear little girl of

TWO RINGS.

SHE stood by the western window,
In the midsummer twilight fair;
And the sunset breeze leaped from the trees
To lift her heavy hair.

Loving and lingering that good-night,
Which again and again was said,
As ever a fresh excuse was found
To 'put off going to bed.'

She took a ring from the table,
Blue, with a diamond eye;
A forget-me-not that would never fade
'Neath any wintry sky.

She placed it on her little hand,
And danced with sudden glee;
'Look at my ring, my pretty ring!
It is mine just now, you see!'

twelve years old had indeed just reached home, after a short illness, and entered the presence of the Saviour whom she had early learnt to love. The coincidence of the thought with the very hour of her departure, being unconnected with any idea of her illness, was remarkable.

She laughed her n
I answered with
Strange echo to m
Though scarcely

Her childish beaut
And rose to a vi
Of far-off days, wh
That little hand

And mine—it mig
Under the churc
So I drew her gen
And took her o

'It shall be yours,
I said; 'but no
It *shall* be yours, 1
When I am gon

She glanced up qu
Not sure that sl
And the shadow
brown eyes
Was sweeter th

Then she bent her l
With a kiss bot

Hardly the kiss of a little child,
So fervent and so strong.

And hardly the tones of a little child,
That spoke so earnestly,—
'Yes; I will always wear it,
Mine it shall always be.

'But oh!' (and the eyes, love-brightened,
Shone with a sudden tear),
'I hope I shall never wear it,
Never, oh never, dear!'

Five summers smoothly passed away,
And the sixth was drawing nigh,
While herald glory woke the earth,
And filled the dazzling sky.

An April morning, radiant
With June-like gleam and glow,
Arose as fair as if the world
No shade of grief could know.

A tiny packet came for me,
With many a dark-edged fold,
And safe within it lay a ring,—
A little ring of gold.

O well I knew its carving quaint
  Of old ancestral days;
Last seen upon a waving hand
  In slanting autumn rays.

O fair young hand that waved good-bye
  With passing grace and glee!
We knew not that it was farewell,—
  The *last* farewell for me.

The sweet bright spring that touched the
    earth
  With all-renewing might,
For *her* eternal beauty brought,
  Eternal life and light.

All through the solemn Passion week
  She lay so still and sweet,
A carven lily, white and pure,
  For God's own temple meet;—

Until the day when Jesus died,
  The Saviour whom she knew,
The Shepherd whom she followed home
  The shadowy portal through.

And when the evening gently closed
That sad and sacred day,
They left the last kiss on her brow,
And took the ring away.

Two rings are always on my hand,
The azure and the gold,
And they shall gleam together till
My tale of life is told.

IX.

Songs.

'BELLS ACROSS THE SNOW.'

O CHRISTMAS, merry Christmas!
Is it really come again?
With its memories and greetings,
With its joy and with its pain.
There's a minor in the carol,
And a shadow in the light,
And a spray of cypress twining
With the holly wreath to-night.
And the hush is never broken
By laughter light and low,
As we listen in the starlight
To the 'bells across the snow.'

O Christmas, merry Christmas!
'Tis not so very long
Since other voices blended
With the carol and the song!
If we could but hear them singing
As they are singing now,

If we could but see the radiance
  Of the crown on each dear brow;
There would be no sigh to smother,
  No hidden tear to flow,
As we listen in the starlight
  To the 'bells across the snow.'

O Christmas, merry Christmas!
  This never more can be;
We cannot bring again the days
  Of our unshadowed glee.
But Christmas, happy Christmas,
  Sweet herald of goodwill,
With holy songs of glory
  Brings holy gladness still.
For peace and hope may brighten,
  And patient love may glow,
As we listen in the starlight
  To the 'bells across the snow.'

—o—

SINGING AT SUNSET.

DID you hear it at the sunset?
  Happy, happy thrush!
Carolling and trilling
  Through the evening hush.

Singing at the sunset,
Singing, singing sweet,
Where the shadows and the splendour
Softly, softly meet;
Pouring out the full notes,
Ringing, ringing loud,
When the gold is on the beeches,
And the crimson on the cloud!
Singing at the sunset!
Happy, happy song!

Shall we listen in the sunset,
Listen, listen long,
Silent for the glory,
Silent for the song?
Singing at the sunset,
Angel voices hear,
And the harpings of the harpers
Ringing, ringing clear;
Nearing all the gladness,
Leaving all the gloom,
When the light is on the River,
And the glory on the tomb!
Singing at the sunset!
Happy, happy song.

*HEATHER LINTIE.**

I.

'HEATHER Lintie, tell me, pray,
Why the Snow-wreath went away?'

'Silent Snow-wreath sat alone,
Till she heard the laughing call
Of the merriest stream of all
In the land.
Down the steep from stone to stone,
Shyly creeping, smiling, weeping,
While a sunbeam held her hand,
Snow-wreath found her home ere long,
Silence melted into song.
Now she flows, but not alone,
Singing and rejoicing.'

II.

'Heather Lintie, tell me, pray,
Why the Burnie went away?'

'Burnie laughed adown the hill,
Keeping all the flowers awake,
Till she saw the purple lake
Deep and still.

* 'Heather Lintie,' a Scotch linnet; 'Burnie,' a little brook.

Down the glen from stone to stone,
Blithely dancing, glinting, glancing.
Singing on in silver tone,
Burnie found her home ere long,
Silence sweeter far than song;
Now she flows, but not alone,
Resting and rejoicing.'

III.

'Heather Lintie, tell me, pray,
Why you do not fly away?'

Heather Lintie plumed her wing,
Sang about a happy nest,
Made with one who loved her best
In the spring.
Where beneath a boulder-stone
In the heather all together,
Warmly nestle, all her own.
Heather Lintie will not roam
From her sweet and hidden home.
So she sings, but not alone,
Loving and rejoicing.

SUNBEAM AND DEWDROP.

O SUNBEAM, O sunbeam!
I would be a sunbeam too!
When the winter chill
Hushes lark and rill;
When the thunder-showers
Bow the weeping flowers;
When the shadows creep,
Cold, and dark, and deep;
We would follow, swift and bright,
Blending all our love and light,
Chasing winter, grim and hoary,
Shining all the tears away;
Turning all the gloom to glory,
All the darkness into day.

O dewdrop, O dewdrop,
I would be a dewdrop too!
When the fatal glow,
Sultry, still and slow,
Makes the scentless flowers
Droop in withering bowers,
Leaf and shade and bloom
Touched with early doom;
We would follow, sweet and bright,
Blending life and love and light:

Making what was parched and dreary,
Glad and lovely, fresh and fair,
Softly cheering what was weary,
Sparkling, starlike, everywhere.

—o—

DREAM-SINGING.

I DREAMT that I was singing,
Singing all for thee;
And still the notes went ringing
Far over land and sea.

Went ringing till they found thee,
Though so far away,
And softly floating round thee,
Made music all the day.

Made music that could cheer thee,
Full of gentle glee;
Then leaving echoes near thee,
Came back again to me.

Came back with love and blessing
On their spirit-wings,
With musical expressing
Of sweet and holy things.

I dreamt that I was singing,
Come again to me!
And all its fairy ringing
No more a dream shall be!

—o—

SHE WAITS FOR ME.

'I WAIT for thee!' I said it in the splendour
Of golden moons beneath the lonely palms.
'I wait for thee!' An echo, clear and tender,
Fell from the height across the silver calms.
For I had waited long,
And hope was growing weary,
Though faith and love were strong,
And lit the path so dreary,—
Till o'er the coral sea
My love should come to me,
'I wait for thee.'

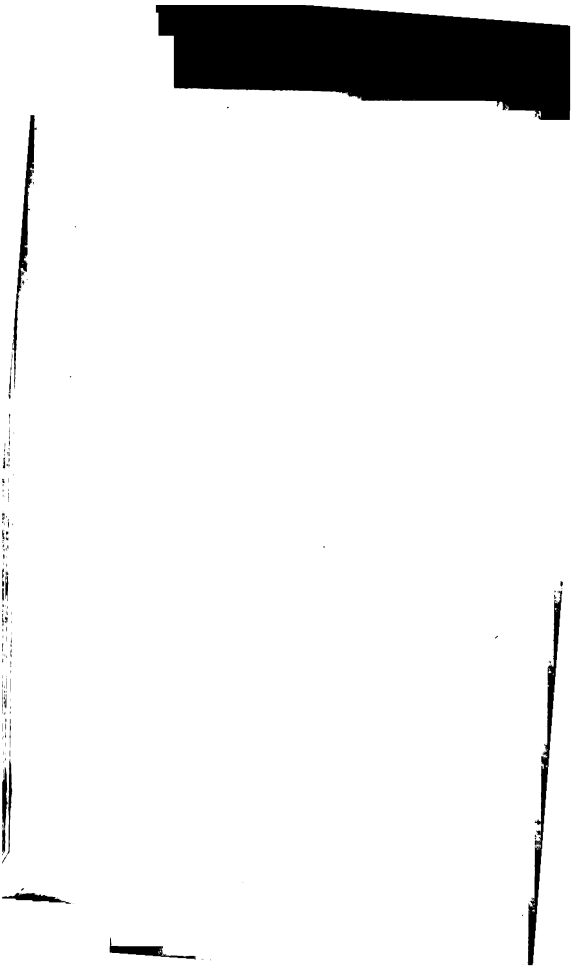
'I wait for thee!' I said it in my dreaming,
Then fell a hush beyond the hush of night;
And, fairer far than southern waters gleaming,
A Presence passed in soft celestial light.

Then calm and sweet and clear,
A spirit voice came singing,
Far, far away, yet near,
Like star-bells' crystal ringing.
Oh well my own heart knew
That voice so clear and true—
'I wait for thee!'

'She waits for me!' I said it in my weeping,
For never more she cometh o'er the sea;
She waits for me! A glorious vigil keeping
Beyond the stars, she waiteth there for me.
And now I wait awhile
Beneath the palm-trees lonely,
And learn once more to smile,
For she hath gladness only.
Beside the Crystal Sea,
Until the shadows flee,
She waits for me.

A Mountain Cantata.

That Thy name is near, Thy wondrous works declare.'—Ps. lxxv. 1.



THE MOUNTAIN MAIDENS.

(ZELLA, DORA, LISETTA.)

A Cantata.

Part I.—Sunrise.

(1.) DAWN CHORUS.

THE stars die out, and the moon grows dim,
Slowly, softly, the dark is paling!
Comes o'er the eastern horizon-rim,
Slowly, softly, a bright unveiling.

The white mist floats in the vale at rest,
Ghostly, dimly, a silver shiver;
The golden east and the purple west
Flushing deep with a crimson quiver.

The mountains gleam with expectant light,
Near and grandly, or far and faintly,

In festal robing of solemn white,
Waiting, waiting, serene and saintly.

Lo! on the mountain-crest, sudden and fair,
Bright herald of morning, the rose-tint is there!
Peak after peak lighteth up with the glow
That crowneth with ruby the Alpine snow.

Summit on summit, and crest beyond crest,
The beacons are spreading away to the west;
Crimson and fire and amber and rose,
Touch with life and with glory the Alpine snows.

(2.) CHORALE.

Father, who hast made the mountains,
Who hast formed each tiny flower,
Who hast filled the crystal fountains,
Who hast sent us sun and shower:
Hear Thy children's morning prayer,
Asking for Thy guardian care;
Keep and guide us all the day,
Lead us safely all the way.

Let Thy glorious creation
Be the whisper of Thy power;

New and wondrous revelation
Still unfolding every hour.
Let the blessing of Thy love
Rest upon us from above;
And may evening gladness be
Full of thanks and praise to Thee.

(3.) RECITATIVE.—*Dora.*

Our pleasant summer work begins. You go,
O merry Zella, with the obedient herd
To upland pastures, singing all the way.
And you, Lisetta, to the sterner heights,
Where only foot of Alpine goat may pass,
Or step of mountain-maiden. It is mine
To work at home, preparing smooth white cheese
For winter store, and often needed gain.
And mine the joy of welcoming once more
My loving sisters when the evening falls.

(4.) SONG.—*Dora.*

The morning light flingeth
Its wakening ray,
And as the day bringeth
The work of the day,
The happy heart singeth;
Awake and away!

No life can be dreary
When work is delight;
Though evening be weary,
Rest cometh at night;
And all will be cheery,
If faithful and right.

When duty is treasure,
And labour a joy,
How sweet is the leisure
Of ended employ!
Then only can pleasure
Be free from alloy.

[*Repeat v.* 1.

(5.) SONG.—*Zella.*

Away, away! with the break of day,
To the sunny upland slope!
Away, away! while the earliest ray
Tells of radiant joy and hope.

With the gentle herd that know the word
Of kindness and of care,
While with footsteps free they follow me,
As I lead them anywhere.

Away, away! with a merry lay,
And the chime of a hundred bells;

Away, away! with a carol gay,
And an echo from the fells.

To the pastures high, where the shining sky
Looks down on a wealth of flowers;
To the sapphire spots, where forget-me-nots
Smile on through the lonely hours.

Away, away! while the breezes play
In the fragrant summer morn;
Away, away! while the rock-walls grey
Resound with the Alpen-horn.

To the crags all bright in the golden light
With floral diadems,
As fresh and fair, as 'rich and rare,'
As any royal gems.

Away, away! while the rainbow spray
Wreaths the silver waterfalls;
Away, away! Oh, I cannot stay
When the voice of the morning calls!

(6.) RECITATIVE.—*Lisetta.*

Adieu, my Dora! Zella dear, adieu!
The quick light tinkle of the goat-bells now

Reminds me they are waiting for my call,
To follow where small flowers have dared to peep
And laugh, beside the glacier and the snow.
I shall not go alone, your love shall go with me.

(7.) DUET.—*Zella and Dora.*

Adieu, adieu till eventide!
The hours will quickly pass,
The shadow of the rocks will glide
Across the sunny grass.
We shall not mourn the lessening light,
For we shall meet at home to-night.

Adieu, adieu till eventide!
The hour of home and rest,
The hour that finds us side by side,
The sweetest and the best.
For love is joy, and love is light,
And we shall meet at home to-night!

Adieu, adieu till eventide!
'Tis but a little while!
We would not stay the morning's pride,
Or noontide's dazzling smile.
But welcome evening's waning light,
For we shall meet at home to-night!

Part II.—Noon.

(8.) SONG.—*Lisetta.*

It is noon upon the mountains, and the breeze
has died away,
And the rainbow of the morning passes from
the torrent spray,
And a calm of golden silence falls upon the
glistening snow,
While the shadows of the noon-clouds rest
upon the glen below.

It is noon upon the mountains, noon upon the
giant rocks;
Hushed the tinkle of the goat-bells, and the
bleating of the flocks;
They are sleeping on the gentians, and upon
the craggy height,
In the glow of Alpine noon-tide, in the glory
of the light.

It is noon upon the mountains: I will rest
beside the snow,
Glittering summits far above me, blue-veined
glaciers far below;

I will rest upon the gentians, till the quiet
shadows creep,
Cool and soft, along the mountains, waking
me from pleasant sleep.

(9.) NOON CHORUS.

Rest! while the noon is high,
Rest while the glow
Falls from the summer sky
Over the snow.

Rest! where the Alpen-rose
Crimsons the height,
Piercing the mountain-snows,
Purpling the light.
Rest! while the waterfalls,
Murmuring deep
Far-away lullabies,
Hush thee to sleep.
Rest! while the noon, etc.

Rest! where the mountains rise,
Shining and white;
Piercing the deep blue skies,
Solemn and bright.
Sleep! while the silence falls,
Soothing to rest,

Sweetest of lullabies,
Calming and blest.
Rest! while the noon, etc.

(10.) RECITATIVE.—*Lisetta.*

Where am I? I was sleeping by the snow
Upon the Alpen-roses in the noon.
But am I dreaming now? The sun is low,
'Tis twilight in the valley, and I hear
No music of the goat-bells. Oh, I fear
It is no dream, but night is coming soon,
And I am all alone upon the height,
And there are small faint tracks, too quickly lost,
That need sure foot and eye in fullest light,
And crags to leap, and torrents to be crossed!
I go! may Power and Love still guard and guide aright.

(11.) SONG.—*Lisetta.*

Alone, alone! yet around me stand
God's mountains, still and grand!
Still and grand, serene and bright,
Sentinels clothed in armour white,
And helmeted with scarlet light.
His Power is near,
I need not fear.

Beneath the shadow of His Throne,
Alone, alone, yet not alone!

Alone, alone! yet beneath me sleep
The flowers His hand doth keep.
Small and fair, by crag or dell,
Trustfully closing star and bell,
Eve by eve as twilight fell.
His Love is near,
I need not fear.
Beneath the rainbow of His Throne,
Alone, alone, yet not alone!

Alone, alone! yet I will not fear,
For Power and Love are near!
Step by step, by rock and rill,
Trustfully onward, onward still,
I follow home with hope and will!
So near, so near!
I do not fear!
Beneath the Presence of His Throne.
Alone, alone, yet not alone!

Part III.—Sunset.

(12.) SUNSET CHORUS.

It is coming, it is coming,
That marvellous up-summing

Of the loveliest and grandest all in one :
The great transfiguration,
And the royal coronation,
Of the Monarch of the mountains by the priestly Sun.

Watch breathlessly and hearken,
While the forest throne-steps darken,
His investiture in crimson and in fire ;
Not a herald-trumpet ringeth,
Not a pæan echo flingeth,
There is music of a silence that is mightier far, and higher.

Then in radiant obedience,
A flush of bright allegiance
Lights up the vassal-summits and the proud peaks all around ;
And a thrill of mystic glory
Quivers on the glaciers hoary,
As the ecstasy is full, and the mighty brow is crowned.

Crowned with ruby of resplendence,
In unspeakable transcendence,

'Neath a canopy of purple and of gold out-
spread,
With rock-sceptres upward pointing,
While the glorious anointing
Of the consecrating sunlight is poured upon
his head.

Then a swift and still transition
Falls upon the gorgeous vision,
And the ruby and the fire pass noiselessly
away;
But the paling of the splendour
Leaves a rose-light, clear and tender,
And lovelier than the loveliest dream that
melts before the day.

Oh to keep it, oh to hold it,
While the tremulous rays enfold it!
Oh to drink in all the beauty, and never thirst
again!
Yet less lovely if less fleeting!
For the mingling and the meeting
Of the wonder and the rapture can but overflow
in pain.

It is passing, it is passing!
While the softening glow is glassing

In the crystal of the heavens all the fairest of its rose.
Ever faintly and more faintly,
Ever saintly and more saintly,
Gleam the snowy heights around us in holiest repose.

O pure and perfect whiteness!
O mystery of brightness
Upon those still, majestic brows shed solemnly abroad!
Like the calm and blessèd sleeping
Of saints in Christ's own keeping,
When the smile of holy peace is left, last witness for their God!

(13.) SONG.—*Dora.*

The tuneful chime of the herd is still,
For the milking hour is past,
And tinkle, tinkle, along the hill,
The goat-bells come at last.
But sister, sister, where art thou?
We watch and wait for thy coming now.

The crimson fades from the farthest height,
And the rose-fire pales away;

And softly, softly, the shroud of night
  Enfolds the dying day.
But sister, sister, where art thou?
We watch and wait for thy coming now.

The cold wind swells from the icy steep,
  And the pine-trees quake and moan;
And darkly, darkly, the grey clouds creep,
  And thou art all alone.
O sister, sister, where art thou?
We watch and wait for thy coming now.

(14.) DUET.—*Zella and Dora.*

We will seek thee, we will find thee,
  Though the night-winds howl and sweep!
We will follow through the torrent,
  We will follow up the steep.
Follow where the Alpen-roses
  Make the mountain all aglow,
Follow, follow through the forest,
  Follow, follow to the snow!
And our Alpine call shall echo
  From the rock and from the height,
Till a gladder tone rebounding,
Thine own merry voice resounding,
  Fill us with a great delight.

Lisetta! Lisetta!
Hush and hearken! Call again!
Lisetta! Lisetta!
Hearken, hearken! All in vain!

We will seek thee, we will find thee,
In the wary chamois' haunt;
Toil and terror, doubt and danger,
Loving hearts shall never daunt!
We will follow in the darkness,
We will follow in the light;
Follow, follow till we find thee,
Through the noon or through the night.
We will seek thee, we will find thee,
Never weary till we hear,
Over all the torrents' rushing,
Joyous answer clearly gushing,
Thine own Alpine echo dear!
Lisetta! Lisetta!
Hush and hearken! All in vain!
Lisetta! Lisetta!
Hearken, hearken! Call again!

(15.) TRIO.—*Zella, Dora, and Lisetta.*

LISETTA (*pp*). I am coming!
ZELLA and DORA (*f*). She is coming!
LISETTA (*p*). I am coming, wait for me!

ZELLA and DORA (*p*). She is coming!
LISETTA (*mf*). I am coming!
ZELLA and DORA (*f*). Come, oh come, we wait for thee!
Nearer, nearer comes the echo,
Nearer, nearer comes the voice,
Nearer, nearer fall the footsteps,
Making us indeed rejoice.
LISETTA. I am coming, wait for me!
ZELLA and DORA. Come, oh come, we wait for thee!

ZELLA, DORA, and LISETTA.

We / They { have sought her, / me, } we / they { have found her, / me, }
Fear and danger all are past,
Now with joyful song { we lead her / they lead me }
Safely, safely home at last!

(16.) CHORUS.—*Finale.*

Safe home, safe home!
Fear and danger all are past,
We are safely home at last!

O the lovelight shed around,
In a rich and radiant flow,
When the lost and loved are found,
Is the sweetest heart can know.
Fairer than the dawn-light tender,
Fuller than the noon-tide glow,
Brighter than the sunset-splendour,
Purer than the moonlit snow.

Now let the wild cloud sweep,
Let the wild rain pour!
Now let the avalanche leap
With its long grand roar!
Now let the black night fall
On the mountain crest!
Safe are our dear ones all
In our mountain nest.

Safe home, safe home!
Fear and danger all are past,
We are safely home at last!

X.

Miscellaneous.

A SEEING HEART. *

TO 'FANNY CROSBY.'

SWEET blind singer over the sea,
Tuneful and jubilant: how can it be,
That the songs of gladness, which float so far,
As if they fell from the evening star,
Are the notes of one who never may see
'Visible music' of flower and tree,
Purple of mountain, or glitter of snow,
Ruby and gold of the sunset glow,
And never the light of a loving face?
Must not the world be a desolate place

* Many sweet hymns by Fanny Crosby have become known, and are warmly appreciated in England and Scotland. In answer to the inquiry, 'Who is Fanny Crosby?' the following beautiful reply was received:—'She is a blind lady, whose heart can *see splendidly* in the sunshine of God's love.' Hence the above greeting to a far-off fellow-minister of song.

For eyes that are sealed with the seal
years,
Eyes that are open only for tears?
How can she sing in the dark like this,
What is her fountain of light and bliss?

Oh, her heart can see, her heart can see!
And its sight is strong, and swift and free.
Never the ken of mortal eye
Could pierce so deep and far and high
As the eagle vision of hearts that dwell
In the lofty, sunlit citadel
Of Faith that overcomes the world,
With banners of Hope and Joy unfurled,
Garrisoned with God's perfect Peace,
Ringing with pæans that never cease,
Flooded with splendour bright and broad,
The glorious light of the Love of God.

Her heart can see, her heart can see!
Well may she sing so joyously!
For the King Himself, in His tender grace,
Hath shown her the brightness of His face;
And who shall pine for a glow-worm light,
When the Sun goes forth in His radiant migl
She can read His law, as a shining chart,
For His finger hath written it on her heart;

She can read His love, for on all her way
His hand is writing it every day.
'Bright cloud' indeed must that darkness be,
Where 'Jesus only' the heart can see.

Her heart can see! her heart can see
Beyond the glooms and the mystery,
Glimpses of glory, not far away,
Nearing and brightening day by day;
Golden crystal and emerald bow,
Lustre of pearl and sapphire glow,
Sparkling river and healing tree,
Evergreen palms of victory,
Harp and crown and raiment white,
Holy and beautiful dwellers in light;
A throne, and One thereon, whose Face
Is the glory of that glorious place.

Dear blind sister over the sea!
An English heart goes forth to thee.
We are linked by a cable of faith and song,
Flashing bright sympathy swift along:
One in the East and one in the West,
Singing for Him whom our souls love best,
'Singing for Jesus,' telling His love
All the way to our home above,

Where the severing sea, with its restless tide,
Never shall hinder, and never divide.
Sister, what will our meeting be,
Where our hearts shall sing, and our eyes shall see!

—o—

JULY ON THE MOUNTAINS.

THERE is sultry gloom on the mountain brow,
And a sultry glow beneath.
Oh for a breeze from the western sea,
Soft and reviving, sweet and free,
Over the shadowless hill and lea,
Over the barren heath!

There are clouds and darkness around God's ways,
And the noon of life grows hot;
And though His faithfulness standeth fast
As the mighty mountains, a shroud is cast
Over its glory, solemn and vast,
Veiling, but changing it not.

Send a sweet breeze from Thy sea, O Lord,
From Thy deep, deep sea of love;

Though it lift not the veil from the cloudy
height,
Let the brow grow cool and the footsteps
light,
As it comes with holy and soothing might,
Like the wing of a snowy dove.

—o—

MY WINDOW.

UNDER my window my couch is set,
I have gazed through it long, I am
gazing yet;
While on my table lie,
Without one look, each treasured book,
And the verses planned,
Which will have to be copied by and bye,
For the pencil fell from forgetful hand.

Though all that from my couch I see
Is the topmost bough of a leafless tree,
Clear pencilled where the blue
Dies into white as it meets the light
From the bright south-east,
I have revelled in my morning view,
My eyes have had a very feast.

Last night I sat without a lamp,
When the clouds broke up their sullen
camp.
Through the tiny pointed arch,
With its one cross-bar, I watched a star,
As on unknown quest,
Just touch the zenith of its march,
And curve its path to the solemn west.

Now all the clouds have fled away,
The Dark has died, and the living Day
Has dropped the stars on her shroud ;
And as I lie, the shining sky
Is so grandly bright,
With so much radiance endowed,
That it trembles with its wealth of light.

A wealth that is enough for me ;
I need not mountain, wood, or sea,
In many-tinted sight ;
This seven-rayed flow of pure white glow
Through the sapphire air,
This calming glory of the Light,
Is so unutterably fair.

It is not idle to employ
Quick-passing moments on a joy,

Like these sweet morning rays.
So I do not think, but rest and drink
From the crystal river,
While a dewdrop of rejoicing praise
Floats up to Him, the kind Light-Giver!

—o—

CANDLEMAS DAY.

YES, take the greenery away
That smiled to welcome Christmas Day,
Untwine the drooping ivy spray.

The holly leaves are dusty all,
Whose glossy darkness robed the wall,
And one by one the berries fall.

Take down the yew, for with a touch
The leaflets drop, as wearied much
With light and song, unused to such.

Poor evergreens! Why proudly claim
The glory of your lovely name,
So soon meet only for the flame?

Another Christmas Day will show
Another green and scarlet glow,
A fresh array of mistletoe.

And this new beauty, arch or crown,
Will stiffen, gather dust, grow brown,
And in its turn be taken down.

To-night the walls will seem so bare!
Ah, well! look out, look up, for there
The Christmas stars are always fair.

They will be shining just as clear
Another and another year,
O'er all our darkened hemisphere.

So Christmas mirth has fleeted fast,
The songs of time can never last,
And all is buried with the past.

But Christmas love and joy and peace,
Shall never fade and never cease,
Of God's goodwill the rich increase.

'NOW!'

I.

A NIGHT of danger on the sea,
Of sleeplessness and fear!
Wave after wave comes thundering
Against the strong stone pier;
Each with a terrible recoil,
And a grim and gathering might,
As blast on blast comes howling past,
Each wild gust wilder than the last,
All through that awful night.

II.

Well for the ships in the harbour now,
Which came with the morning tide;
With unstrained cable and anchor sure,
How quietly they ride!
Well for the barque that reached at eve,
Though watched with breathless fear,
It was sheltered first ere the tempest burst,
It is safe inside the pier!

III.

But see! a faint and fitful light
Out on the howling sea!
'Tis a vessel that seeks the harbour mouth,
As in death-agony.

Though the strong stone arms are open wide,
She has missed the only way;
'Tis all too late, for the storm drives fast,
The mighty waves have swept her past,
And against that sheltering pier shall cast
Their wrecked and shattered prey.

IV.

Nearer and nearer the barque is borne,
As over the deck they dash,
Where sailors five are clinging fast
To the sailless stump of the broken mast,
Waiting the final crash.
Is it all too late? is there succour yet
Those perishing men to reach?
Life is so near on the firm-built pier,
That else must be death to each.

V.

There are daring hearts and powerful arms,
And swift and steady feet,
And they rush as down to a yawning grave,
In the strong recoil of the mightiest wave,
Treading that awful path to save,
As they trod a homeward street.
Over the boulders and foam they rush
Into the ghastly hollow;

They fling the rope to the heaving wreck,
The aim was sure, and it strikes the deck,
As the shouts of quick hope follow.

VI.

Reached, but not saved! there is more to do,
A trumpet note is heard;
And over the rage and over the roar
Of billowy thunders on the shore,
Rings out the guiding word.
There is one chance, and only one,
All can be saved, but how?
'*The rope hold fast, but quit the mast*
At the trumpet-signal "NOW!"'

VII.

There is a moment when the sea
Has spent its furious strength;
A shuddering pause with a sudden swirl,
Gathering force again to hurl
Billow on billow in whirl on whirl;
That moment comes at length—
With a single shout the '*Now*' peals out,
And the answering leap is made.
Well for the simple hearts that just
Loosing the mast with fearless trust,
The strange command obeyed!

To Hallelujahs;—holy melodies,
Enrobed in grand sweet harmonies, a gift
Laid wholly on the altar of his God,
Without one thought or care for this world's
vain applaud:

Deep teachings from the Word he held so
dear,
Things new and old in that great treasure
found,
A valiant cry, a witness strong and clear,
A trumpet with no pale, uncertain sound:—
These shall not die, but live; his rich bequest
To that belovèd Church whose servant is at
rest.

'Yet speaketh!' In the memory of those
To whom he was indeed 'a living song,'*
The voice, that like fair morning light arose,
Rings on with holy influence deep and
strong;
Rings on, unmingled with another sound,
The sweetest, clearest still among all others
found.

* A blind girl, who heard two or three of his last sermons, said, 'He was a living song to me.' She, too, is 'gone home.'

The storm yells back defiance loud,
The breakers rear a rampart proud,
And roar, 'In vain, in vain!'

XI.

Then a giant wave caught up the wreck,
And bore it on its crest;
One moment it hung quivering there
In horrible arrest.
And the lonely man on the savage sea
A lightning flash uplit,
Still clinging fast to the broken mast
That he had not dared to quit.

XII.

Then horror of great darkness fell,
While eyes flashed inward fire;
And over all the roar and dash,
Through that great blackness came a crash,
A token sure and dire.
The wave had burst upon the pier,
The wreck was scattered wide;
Another '*Now*' would never reach
The corpse that lay upon the beach
With the receding tide.

XIII.

God's '*Now*' is sounding in your ears,
Oh let it reach your heart!
Not only from your sinfulness
He bids you part;
Your righteousness as filthy rags
Must all relinquished be,
And only Jesus' precious death
Must be your plea.

XIV.

Now trust the one provided rope,
Now quit the broken mast,
Before the hope of safety be
For ever past.
Fear not to trust His simple word,
So sweet, so tried, so true.
And you are safe for evermore,
Yes,—even you!

*LIGHT AT EVENTIDE.**

'At evening time it shall be light.'—ZECH. xiv. 7.

DEAR Lord, Thy good and precious Book
seems written all for me;
Wherever I may open it, I find a word from
Thee.
My eyes are dim, but this one verse is pillow
for the night,
Thy promise that 'At Evening Time it shall
be' surely 'light.'

It was not always light with me; for many a
sinful year
I walked in darkness, far from Thee; but
Thou hast brought me near,
And washed me in Thy precious blood, and
taught me by Thy grace,
And lifted up on my poor soul the brightness
of Thy Face.

My Saviour died in darkness that I might live
in light,
He closed His eyes in death that mine might
have the heavenly sight;

* Written to accompany an engraving:—An old man, worn, but peaceful, sitting at his cottage door in evening sunlight, with The Book on his knee.

He gave up all His glory to bring it down to me,
And took the sinner's place that He the sinner's Friend might be.

His Spirit shines upon His Word, and makes it sweet indeed,
Just like a shining lamp held up beside me as I read;
And brings it to my mind again alone upon my bed,
Till all abroad within my heart the love of God is shed.

I've nearly passed the shadows and the sorrows here below;
A little while—a little while, and He will come, I know,
And take me to the glory that I think is very near,
Where I shall see Him face to face and His kind welcome hear.

And now my loving Jesus is my Light at Eventide,
The welcome Guest that enters in for ever to abide;

He never leaves me in the dark, but leads me
all the way,—
So it *is* light at Evening time, and soon it will
be Day.

—o—

'YET SPEAKETH.'

'YET speaketh!' though the voice is hushed that filled
Cathedral nave or choir, like clearest bell,
With music of God's truth,—that softly thrilled
The silence of the mourner's heart,—that fell
So sweetly, oh so sweetly, on the ear
Of those to whom that voice was dearest of the dear.

'Yet speaketh!' For the echo lingers yet
Where fifty years ago his voice was heard,
And old men weep, who never can forget
Their early gladness through his faithful word;
O'er all the waves and storms of life between,
That voice floats on for them still powerful and serene.

'Yet speaketh!' Glowing hymns, like heavenly breeze,
That stir us, and our soft Hosannas lift.

To Hallelujahs;—holy melodies,
Enrobed in grand sweet harmonies, a gift
Laid wholly on the altar of his God,
Without one thought or care for this world's
vain applaud:

Deep teachings from the Word he held so
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Things new and old in that great treasure
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A valiant cry, a witness strong and clear,
A trumpet with no pale, uncertain sound:—
These shall not die, but live; his rich bequest
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Rings on with holy influence deep and
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Rings on, unmingled with another sound,
The sweetest, clearest still among all others
found.

* A blind girl, who heard two or three of his last sermons, said, 'He was a living song to me.' She, *too, is* 'gone home.'

'Yet speaketh!' By that consecrated life,
The single-hearted, noble, true, and pure,
Which, lifted far above all worldly strife,
Could all but sin so patiently endure.
O eloquence! by this he speaketh yet;
For who that knew and loved could evermore
forget?

'Yet speaketh!' E'en the shadow, poor and
dim,
Of sun-traced portrait, and the cold, white
stone
(All that the stranger-artist guessed of him),
Speak to our hearts in gentle spirit-tone,
Vocal with messages of faith and love,
And burning thoughts that fall like swift stars
from above.

'Yet speaketh!' There was no last word of
love,
So suddenly on us the sorrow fell;
His bright translation to the home above
Was clouded with no shadow of farewell;
His last Lent evening closed with praise and
prayer,
And then began the songs of endless Easter
there.

'Yet speaketh!' O my father, now more dear
Than ever, I have cried—'Oh, speak to me
Only once more, once more!' But now I hear
The far-off whisper of thy melody;
Thou art 'yet speaking' on the heavenly hill,
Each word a note of joy,—and shall we not
'be still'?

—o—

FOR NEW YEAR'S DAY, 1874.

'*FROM GLORY TO GLORY.*'

2 Cor. iii. 18.

'FROM glory unto glory!' Be this our joyous song,
As on the King's own highway we bravely march along!
'From glory unto glory!' O word of stirring cheer,
As dawns the solemn brightness of another glad New Year.

Our own beloved Master 'hath many things to say;'
Look forward to His teaching, unfolding day by day;

To whispers of His Spirit, while resting at
His feet,
To glowing revelation, to insight clear and
sweet.

'From glory unto glory!' Our faith hath
seen the King,
We own His matchless beauty, as adoringly
we sing:
But He hath more to show us! O thought
of untold bliss!
And we press on exultingly in certain hope to
this:—

To marvellous outpourings of His 'treasures
new and old,'
To largess of His bounty, paid in the King's
own gold,
To glorious expansion of His mysteries of grace,
To radiant unveilings of the brightness of His
face.

'From glory unto glory!' What great things
He hath done,
What wonders He hath shown us, what
triumphs He hath won!

We marvel at the records of the blessings of
the year!
But sweeter than the Christmas bells rings out
His promise clear—

That 'greater things,' far greater, our longing
eyes shall see!
We can but wait and wonder what 'greater
things' shall be!
But glorious fulfilments rejoicingly we claim,
While pleading in the power of the All-prevail-
ing Name.

'From glory unto glory!' What mighty
blessings crown
The lives for which our Lord hath laid His
own so freely down!
Omnipotence to keep us, Omniscience to guide,
Jehovah's Triune Presence within us to abide!

The fulness of His blessing encompasseth ou
way;
The fulness of His promises crowns eve
brightening day;
The fulness of His glory is beaming from abo
While more and more we realize the fulne
His love.

'From glory unto glory!' Without a shade
of care,
Because the Lord who loves us will every
burden bear;
Because we trust Him fully, and know that
He will guide,
And know that He will keep us at His beloved
side.

'From glory unto glory!' Though tribulation
fall,
It cannot touch our treasure, when Christ is
all in all!
Whatever lies before us, there can be nought
to fear,
For what are pain and sorrow when Jesus
Christ is near?

'From glory unto glory!' O marvels of the
word!
'With open face beholding the glory of the
Lord,'
We, even we (O wondrous grace!) 'are changed
into the same,'
The image of our Saviour, to glorify His
Name.

Abiding in His presence, and walking in the light,
And seeking to 'do always what is pleasing in His sight,'
We look to Him to keep us 'all glorious within,'
Because 'the blood of Jesus Christ *is cleansing* from all sin.'

The things behind forgetting, we only gaze before,
'From glory unto glory,' that 'shineth more and more,'
Because our Lord hath said it, that such shall be our way,
(O splendour of the promise!) 'unto the perfect day.'

'From glory unto glory!' Our fellow-travellers still
Are gathering on the journey! the bright electric thrill
Of quick instinctive union, more frequent and more sweet,
Shall swiftly pass from heart to heart in true and tender beat.

And closer yet, and closer the golden bonds
shall be,
Enlinking all who love our Lord in pure
sincerity;
And wider yet, and wider shall the circling
glory glow,
As more and more are taught of God that
mighty love to know.

O ye who seek the Saviour, look up in faith
and love,
Come up into the sunshine, so bright and
warm above!
No longer tread the valley, but clinging to
His hand,
Ascend the shining summits, and view the
glorious land.

Our harp-notes should be sweeter, our trumpet-
tones more clear,
Our anthems ring so grandly, that all the
world must hear!
Oh royal be our music, for who hath cause to
sing,
Like the chorus of redeemed ones, the Children
of the King!

Oh let our adoration for all that He hath done
Peal out beyond the stars of God, while voice and life are one!
And let our consecration be real, and deep, and true;
Oh, even now our hearts shall bow, and joyful vows renew!—

'In full and glad surrender we give ourselves to Thee,
Thine utterly, and only, and evermore to be!
O Son of God, who lovest us, we will be Thine alone,
And all we are, and all we have, shall henceforth be Thine own!'

Now, onward, ever onward, from 'strength to strength' we go,
While 'grace for grace' abundantly shall from His fulness flow,
To glory's full fruition, from glory's foretaste here,
Until his Very Presence crown our happiest New Year!

FINIS. *

ANOTHER little volume filled with varied
verse and song,
Should wake another note of praise, unheard,
but deep and strong;
For He who knows my truest need, and leads
me day by day,
Has given the music that hath been such solace
on my way.

I look up to my Father, and know that I am
heard,
And ask Him for the glowing thought, and for
the fitting word:
I look up to my Father, for I cannot write
alone,
'Tis sweeter far to seek His strength than lean
upon my own.

And so the closing verses of my new-filled
book shall be
A note of praise, dear Father, sung only unto
Thee,

* Written on the last leaf of a MS. volume.

'riend who knows my
and the best.

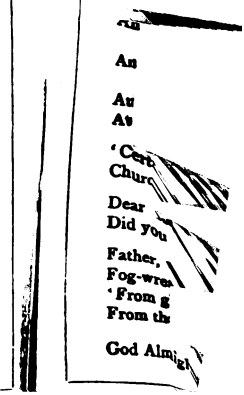
ıee, gracious Father, who hast
d praise from pain,
a wail of mourning to a trustful
frain,
sorrow giving me an afterward of

g it to other hearts in comfort true
ɔng.

:, gracious Father, for Thy pleasant
me,
tly I ask Thee that it may always

consecration laid at Thy glorious

ith Thine altar-fire, and made an
; pure and sweet.



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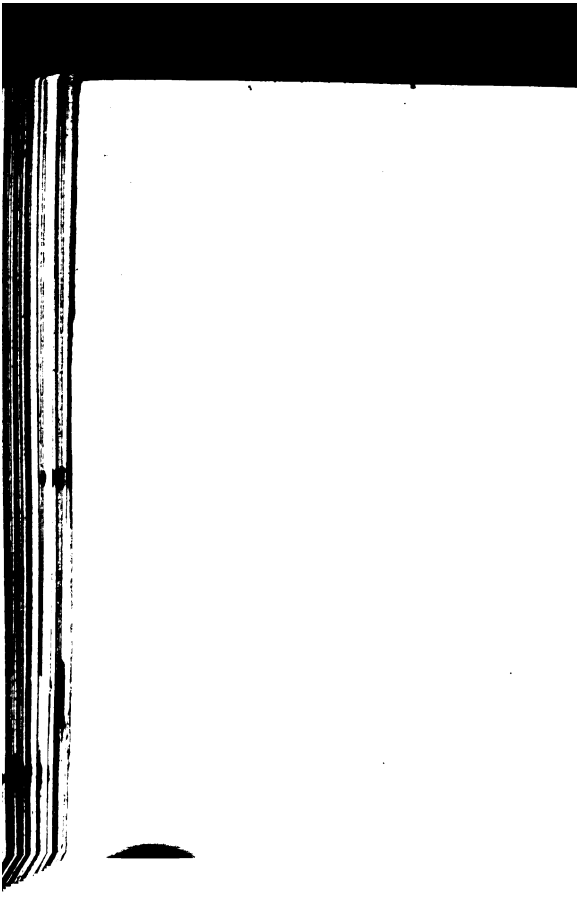
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